

POLICE

COMICS

APRIL No.89

10¢

PLASTIC MAN

meets an
invisible foe,

The **VANISHERS!**





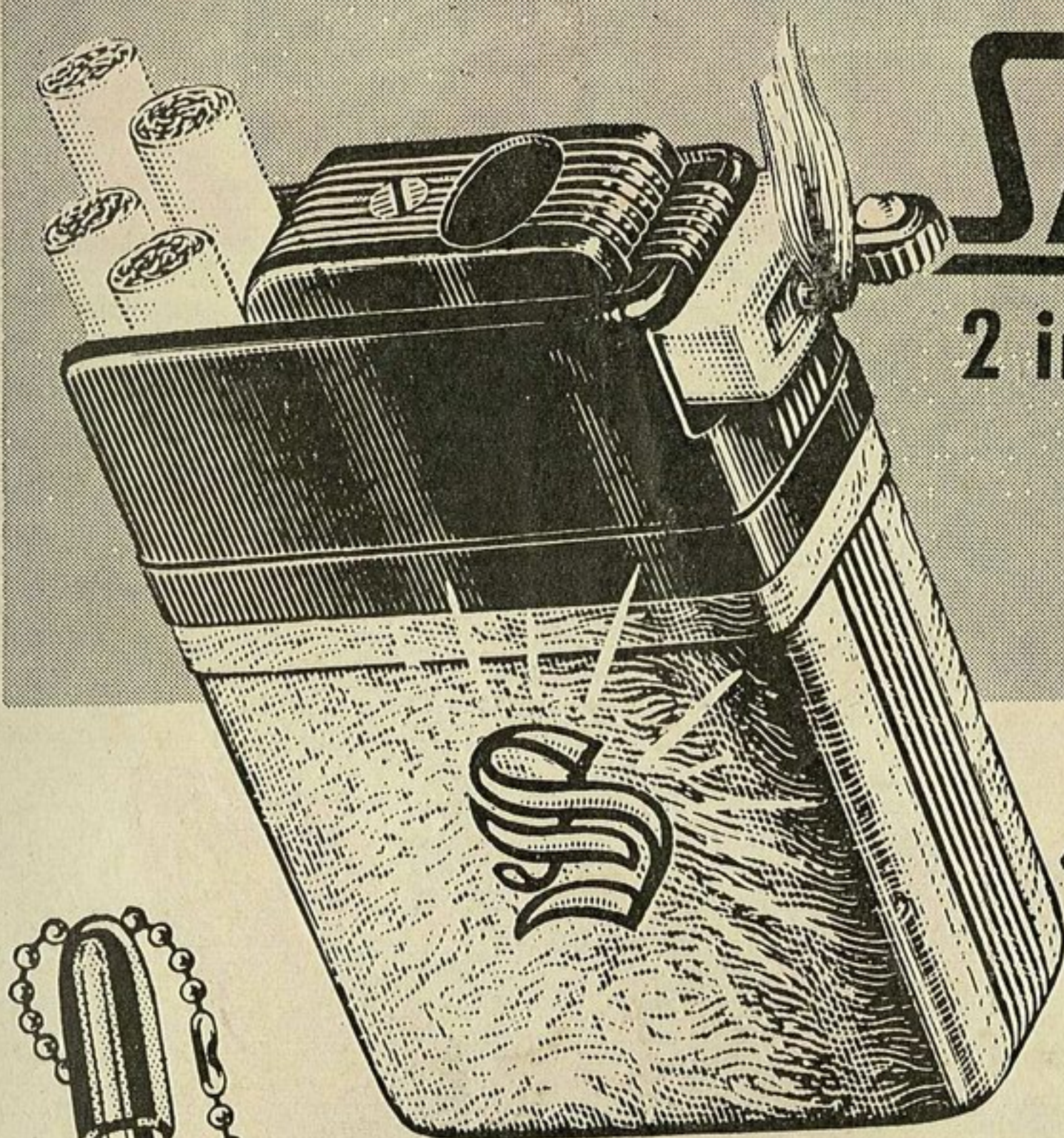
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

It's Here! It's New!

It's Available Now!

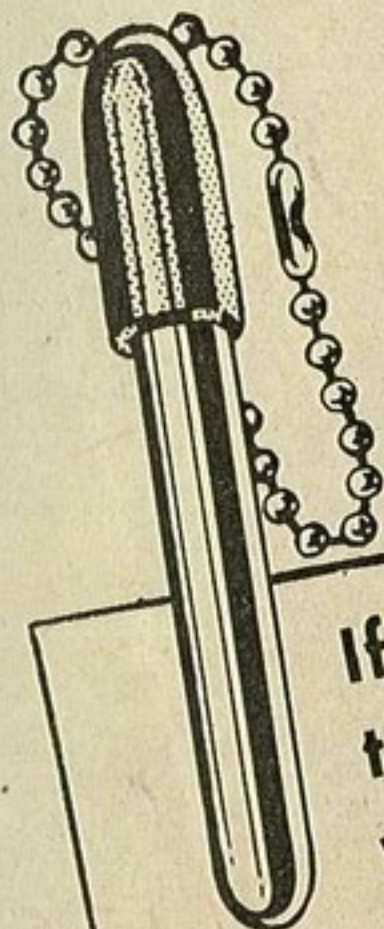
THE *Slide-o-matic*

**2 in 1 COMBINATION LIGHTER
and CIGARETTE CASE**



Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And — at no extra cost — your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that GLOWS IN THE DARK.

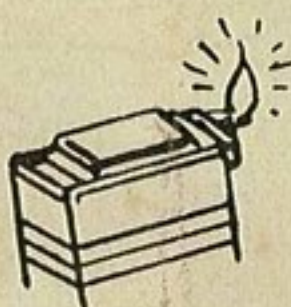


**If you order today
this pen is yours!
WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

Small enough to fit coin purse or vest pocket...big enough to write for months without a refill. Handy chain for keys.

**TRY FOR 10 DAYS
AT NO COST TO YOU**

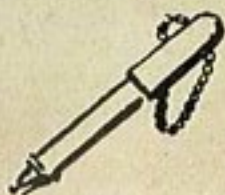
Simply send your name and address and initial wanted. Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Or send \$1.98 with order, and lighter case with glowing monogram and pen will be shipped prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The smartest, most useful, most ingenious new invention for cigarette smokers... a beautiful, colorful, two-tone combination lighter built on an entirely new principle. Just imagine... only one motion of the finger gives you both the cigarettes and the lighter. It is a startling improvement over anything else you have ever seen... a wonderful necessity for every cigarette smoker. **EXTRA SURPRISE:** you'll find that the cigarette case has been monogrammed with your own initial in an ornamental letter which glows in the dark.



**SURE-FIRE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER**



**CIGARETTE CASE
WITH GLOW-IN-
THE-DARK INITIAL**



**HANDY KEY CHAIN
& BALL POINT PEN**

ALL 3

for only

\$1.98

SEND NO MONEY

E-Z INDUSTRIES, DEPT. NM
1226 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

Please rush _____ lighter cigarette case combination
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.

My initial is _____

☐ I enclose \$ _____

☐ Ship COD — I will pay charges plus postage.

NAME _____

(PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

E-Z INDUSTRIES

1226 N. Western Ave.

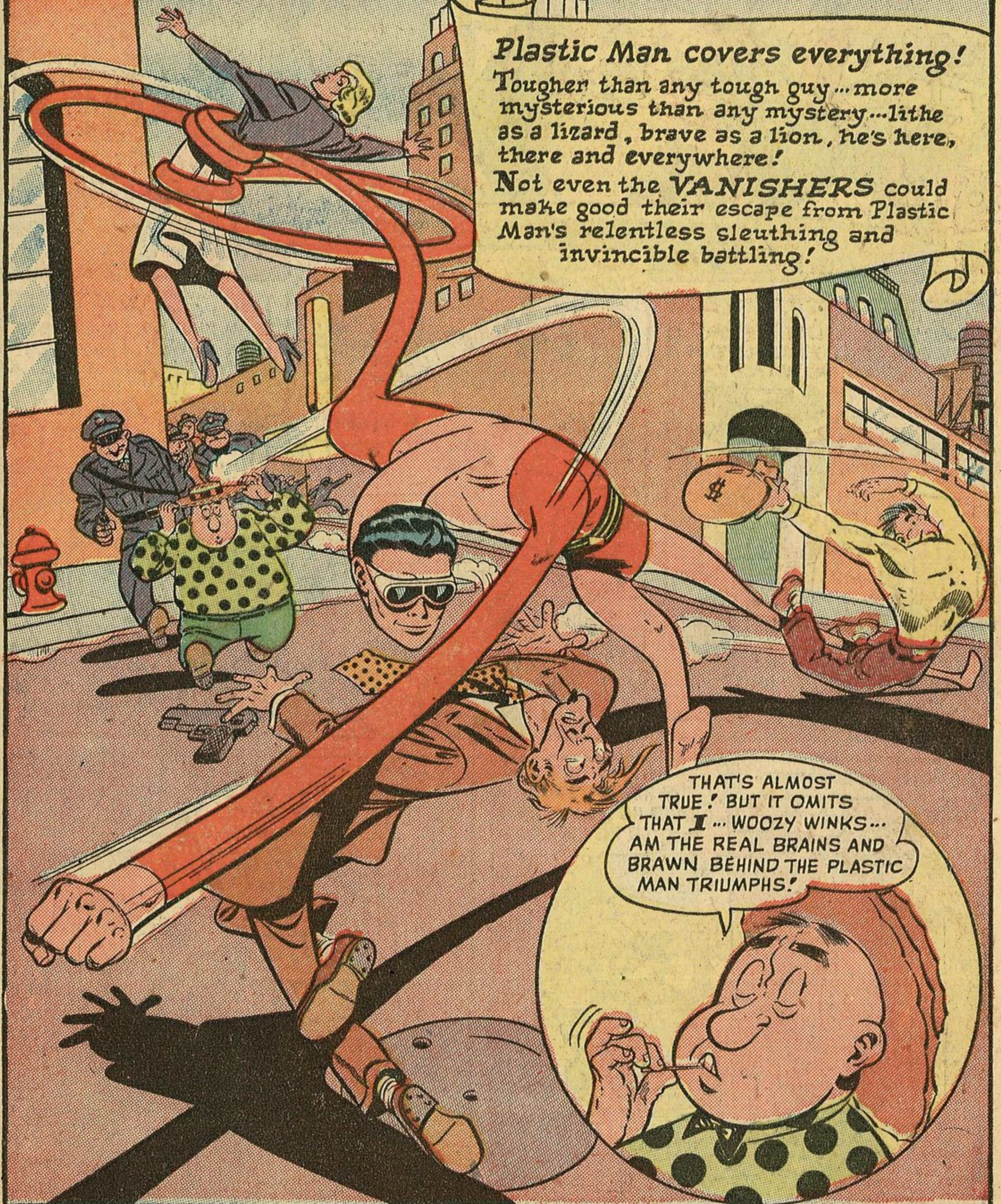
Chicago 22, Ill.

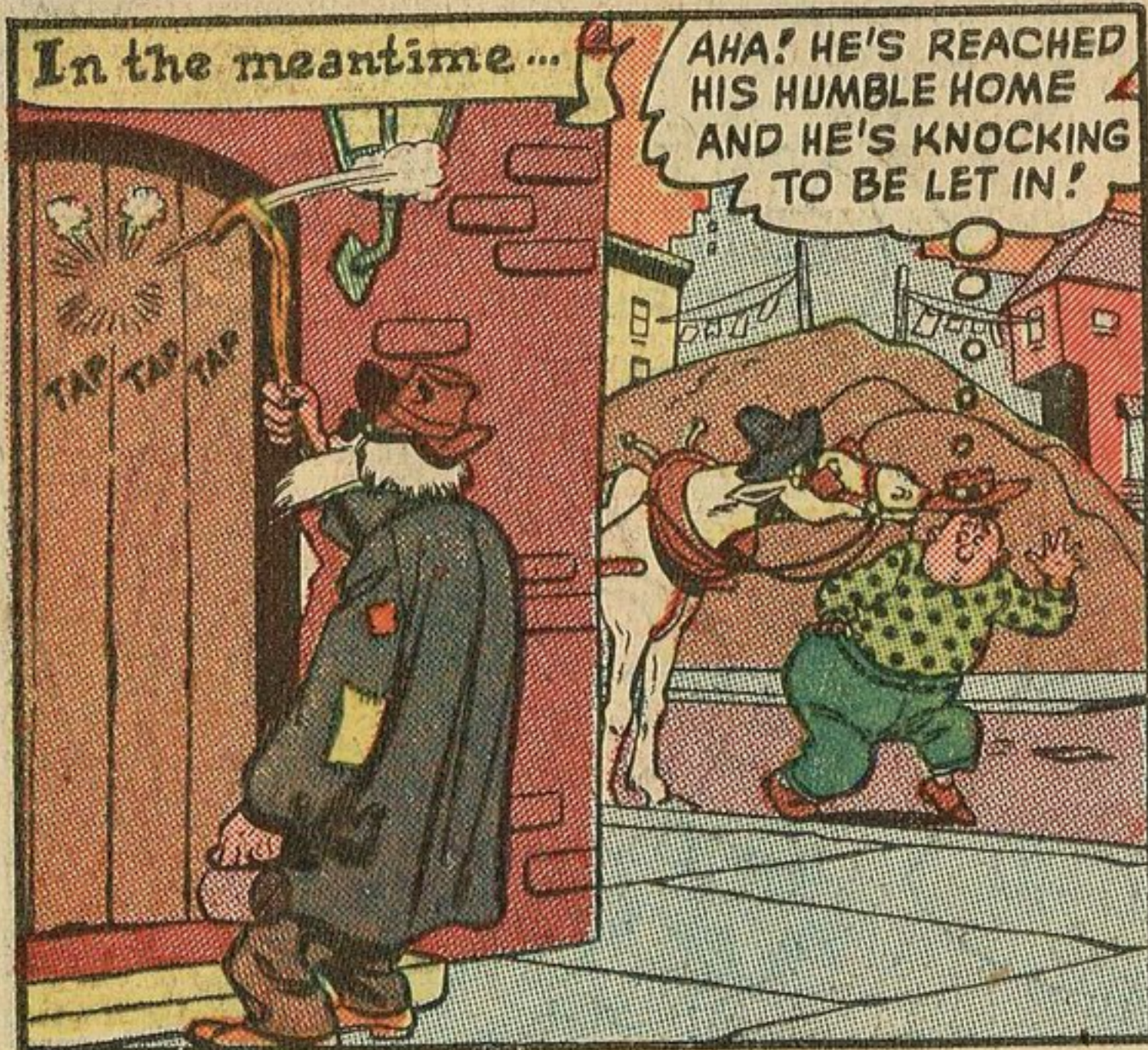
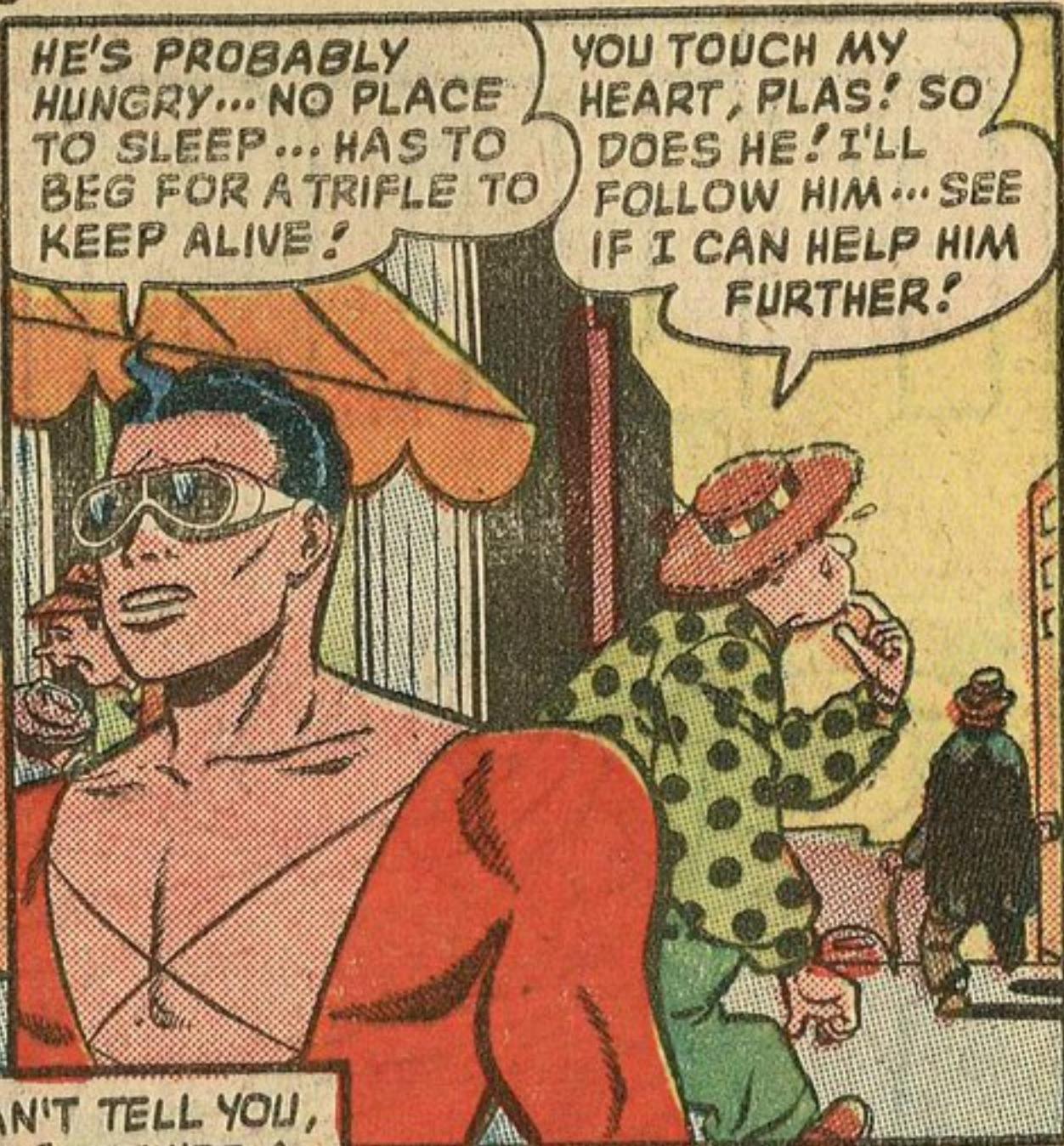
PLASTIC MAN

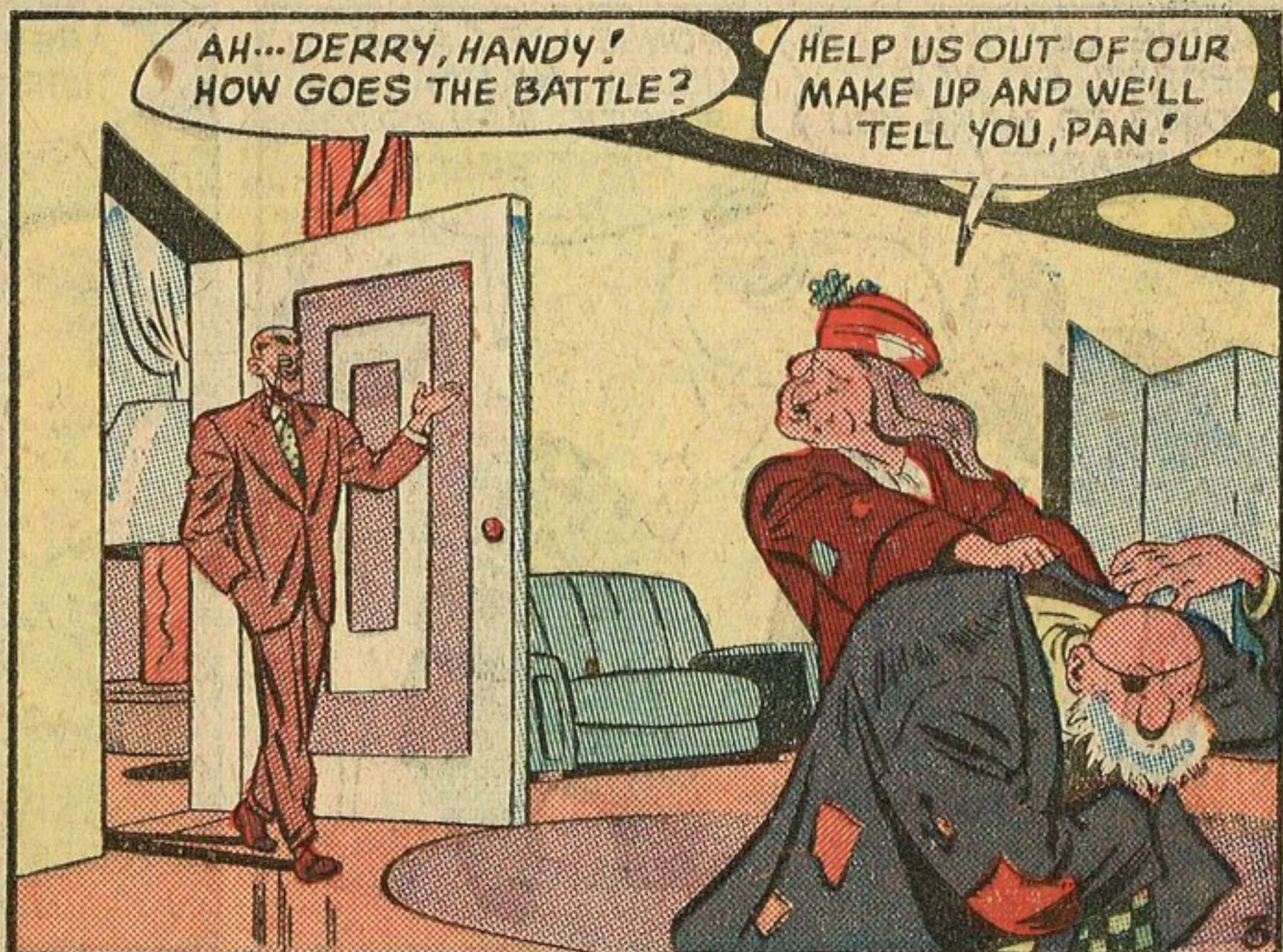
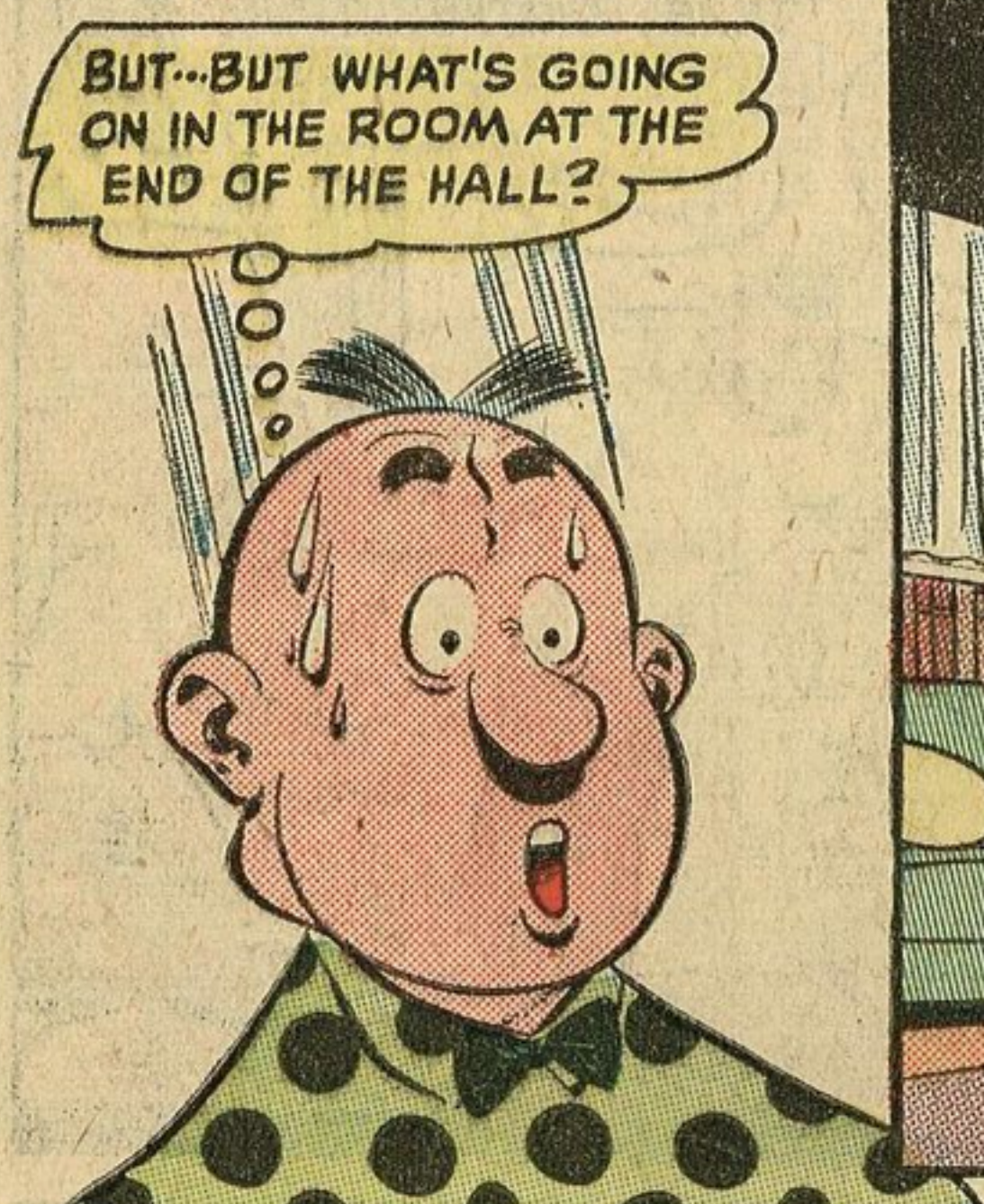
Plastic Man covers everything!

Tougher than any tough guy... more mysterious than any mystery... lithe as a lizard, brave as a lion, he's here, there and everywhere!

*Not even the **VANISHERS** could make good their escape from Plastic Man's relentless sleuthing and invincible battling!*







POLICE COMICS



SEE ANY COPS, PAN? I DID, AND ONE OF 'EM GAVE ME A DIME!

WAIT TILL I GET OUT OF MY WORKING CLOTHES! WE'LL HAVE A DANDY CONFERENCE!



WHO'D EVER SUSPECT US POOR BEGGARS OF BEING THE VANISHER GANG?

OKAY, EACH OF US WAS SUPPOSED TO CASE A JOINT FOR A KNOCK-OVER TODAY! LET'S HAVE THE REPORTS!



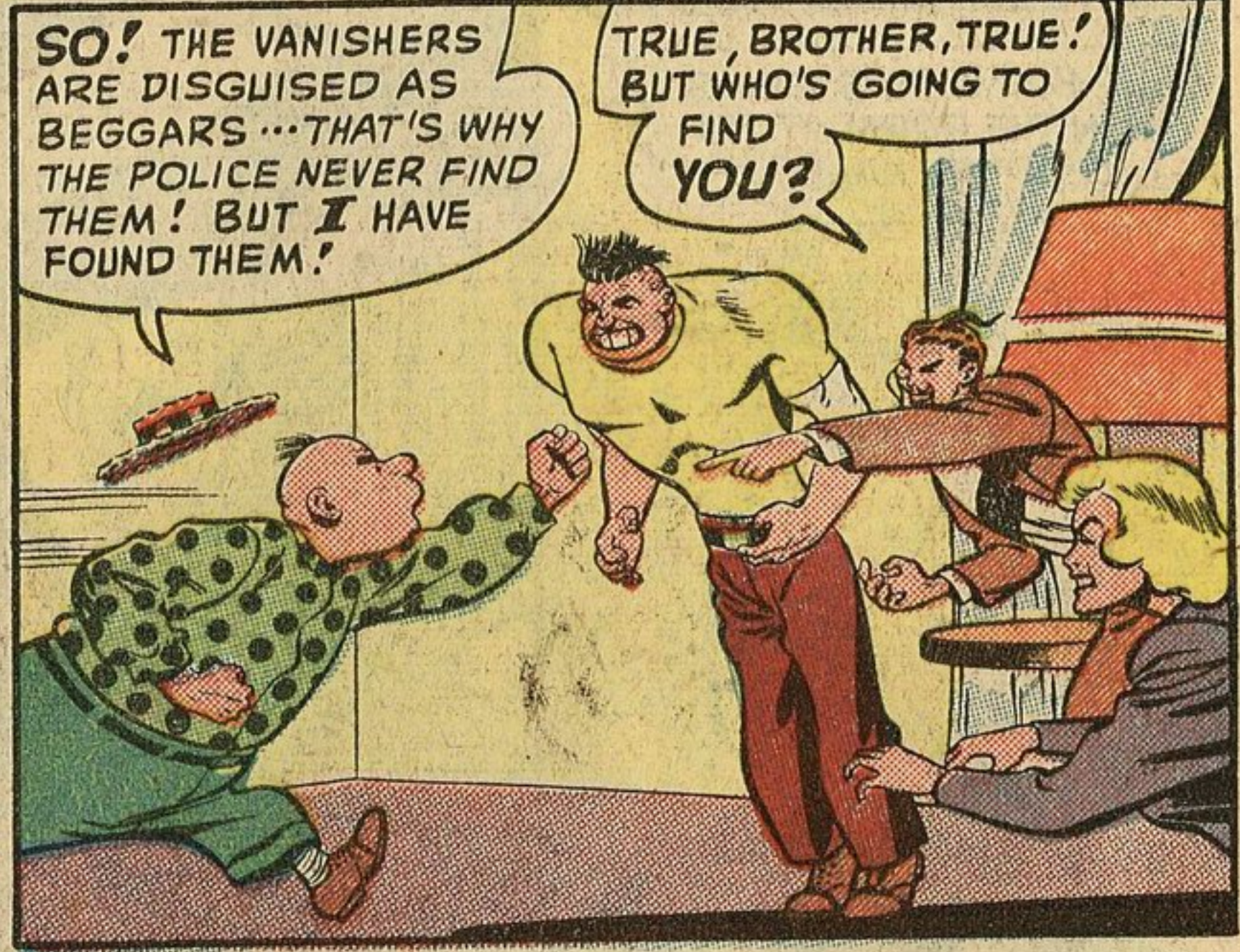
I LOOKED OVER AN EASY JOB...THE INCORPORATED JEWELERS! DERRY, HERE, INVESTIGATED THE GATHERBY TRUST COMPANY!

THEY'RE GOOD! BUT I SPOTTED A BETTER ONE... THE WELCH-MERE CHARITY BAZAAR!



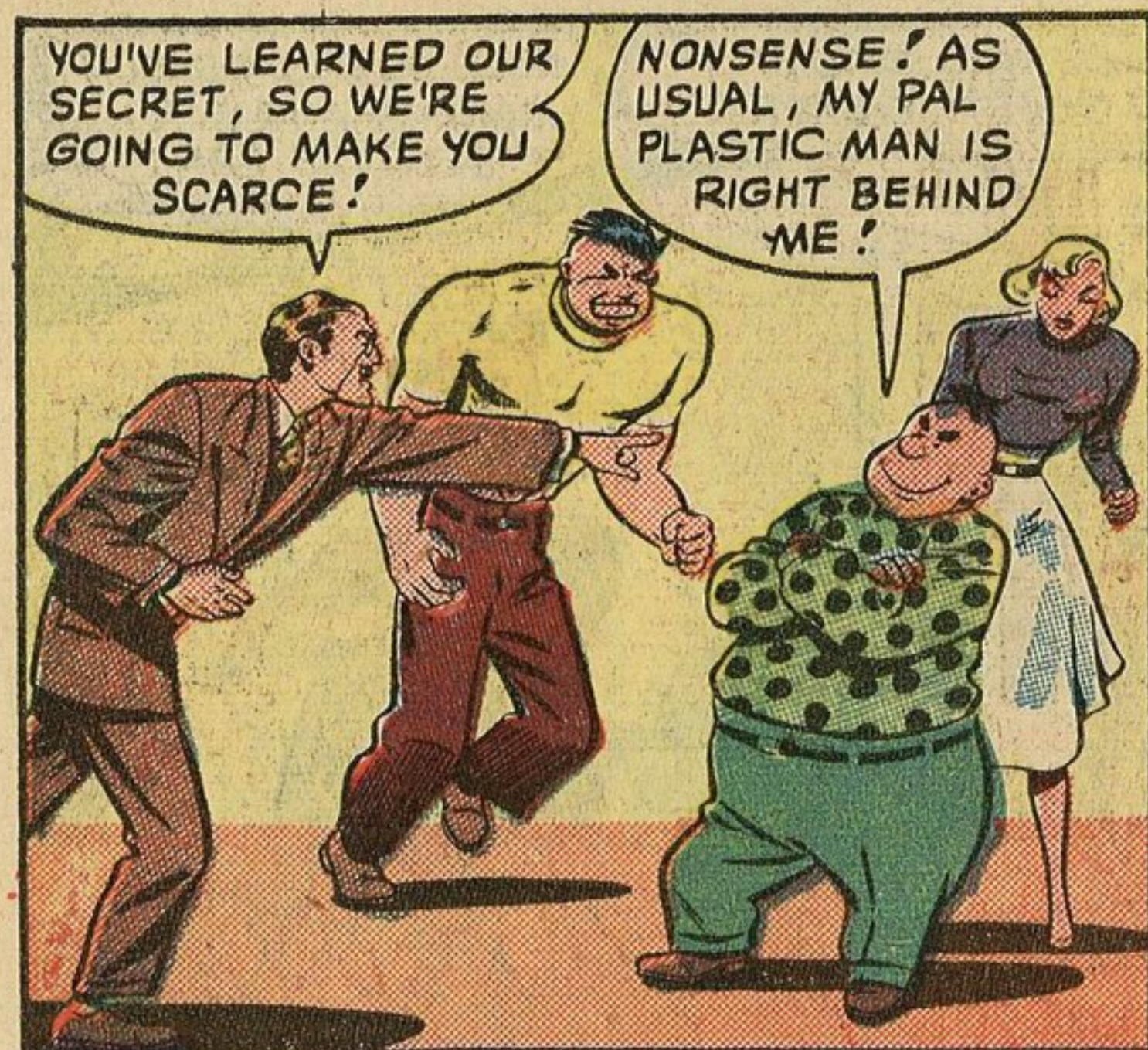
THEY'RE TOSSING A BIG SHOW FOR THE SWELL-ELEGANTS...ALL PROCEEDS TO GO TO CHARITY! THERE'LL BE THOUSANDS OF BUCKS... EASY FOR US TO GRAB AND GET AWAY!

THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU VILE VARLET! I, WOODY WINKS, HAVE HEARD ALL!



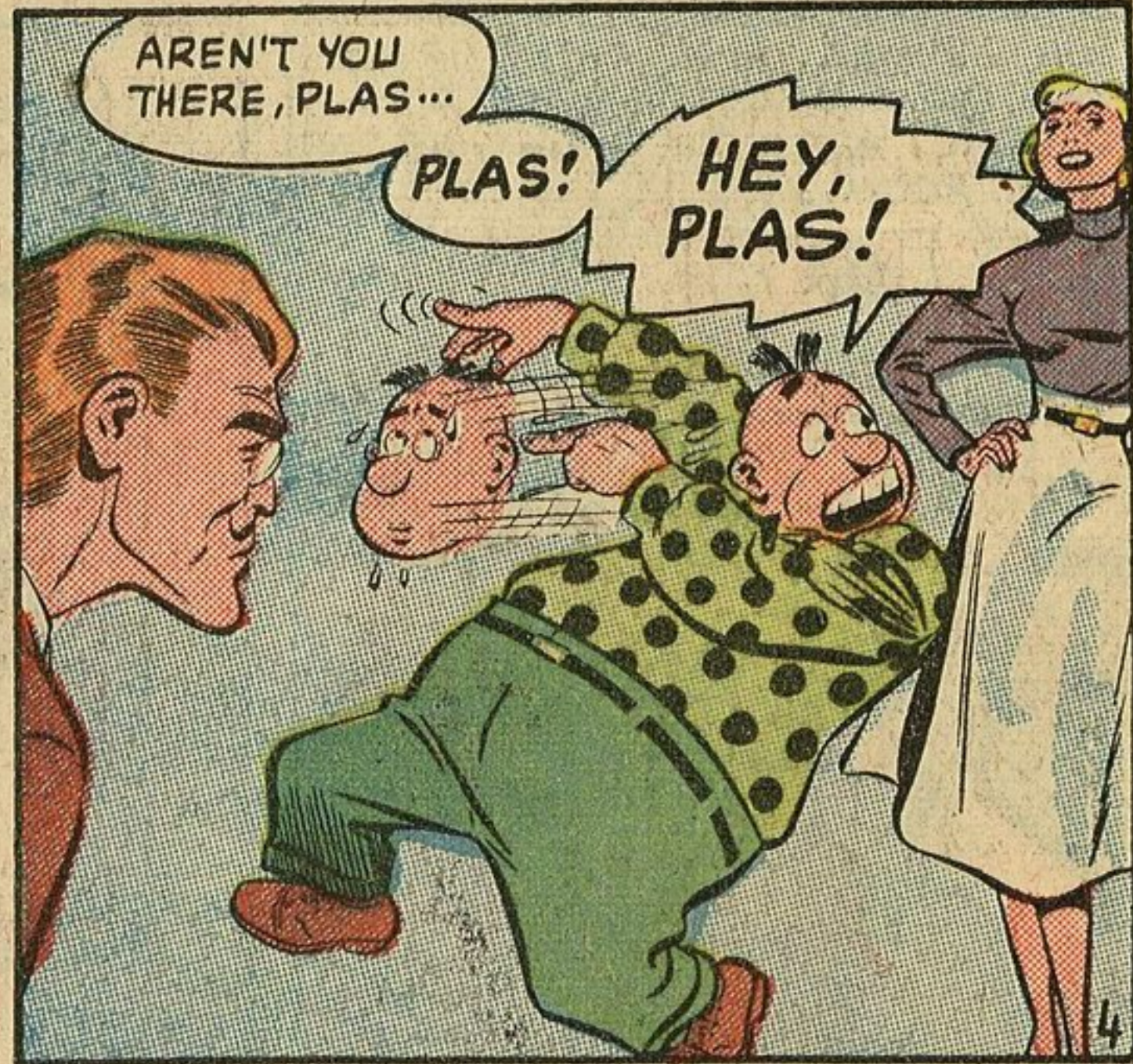
SO! THE VANISHERS ARE DISGUISED AS BEGGARS...THAT'S WHY THE POLICE NEVER FIND THEM! BUT I HAVE FOUND THEM!

TRUE, BROTHER, TRUE! BUT WHO'S GOING TO FIND YOU?



YOU'VE LEARNED OUR SECRET, SO WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU SCARCE!

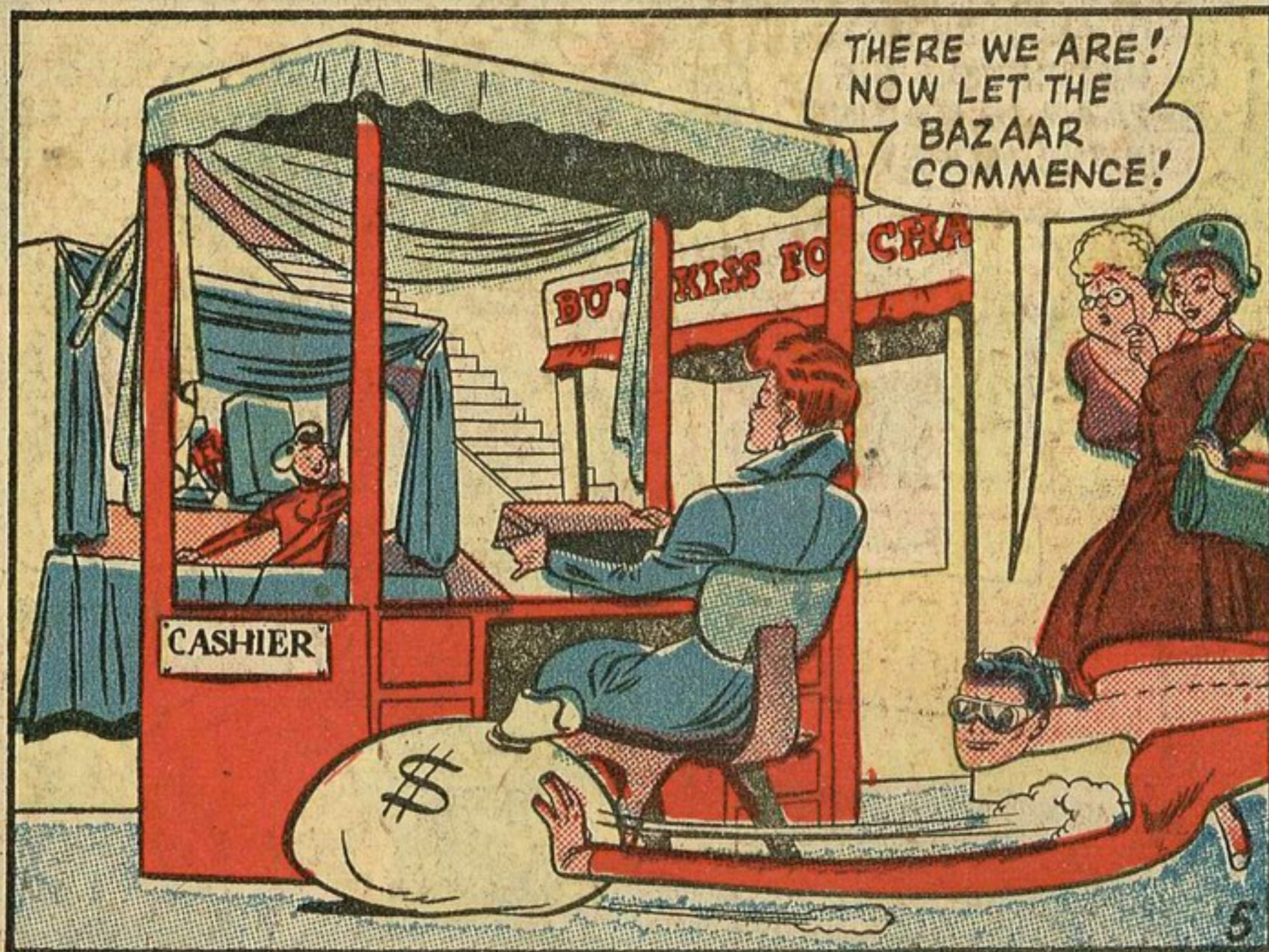
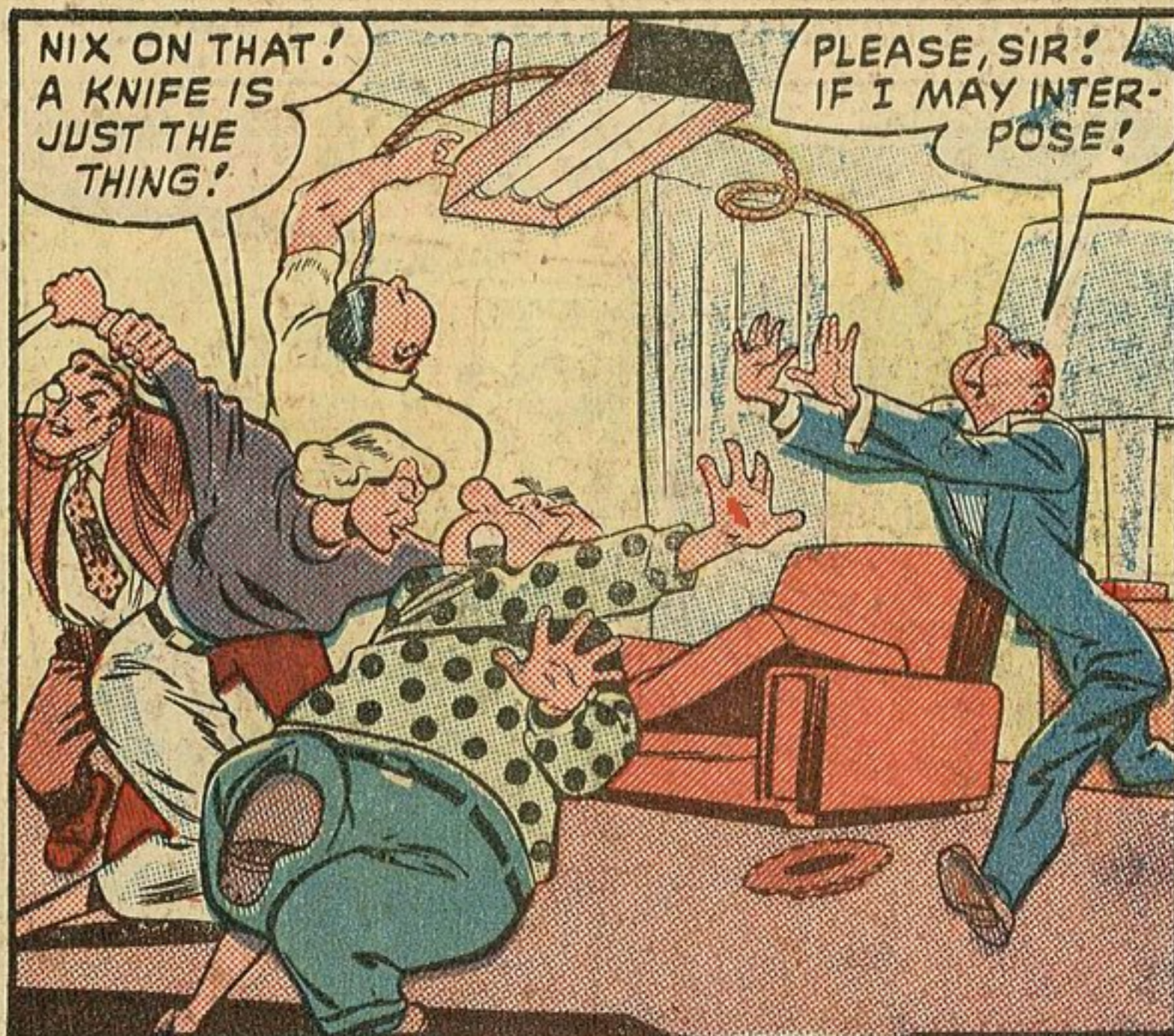
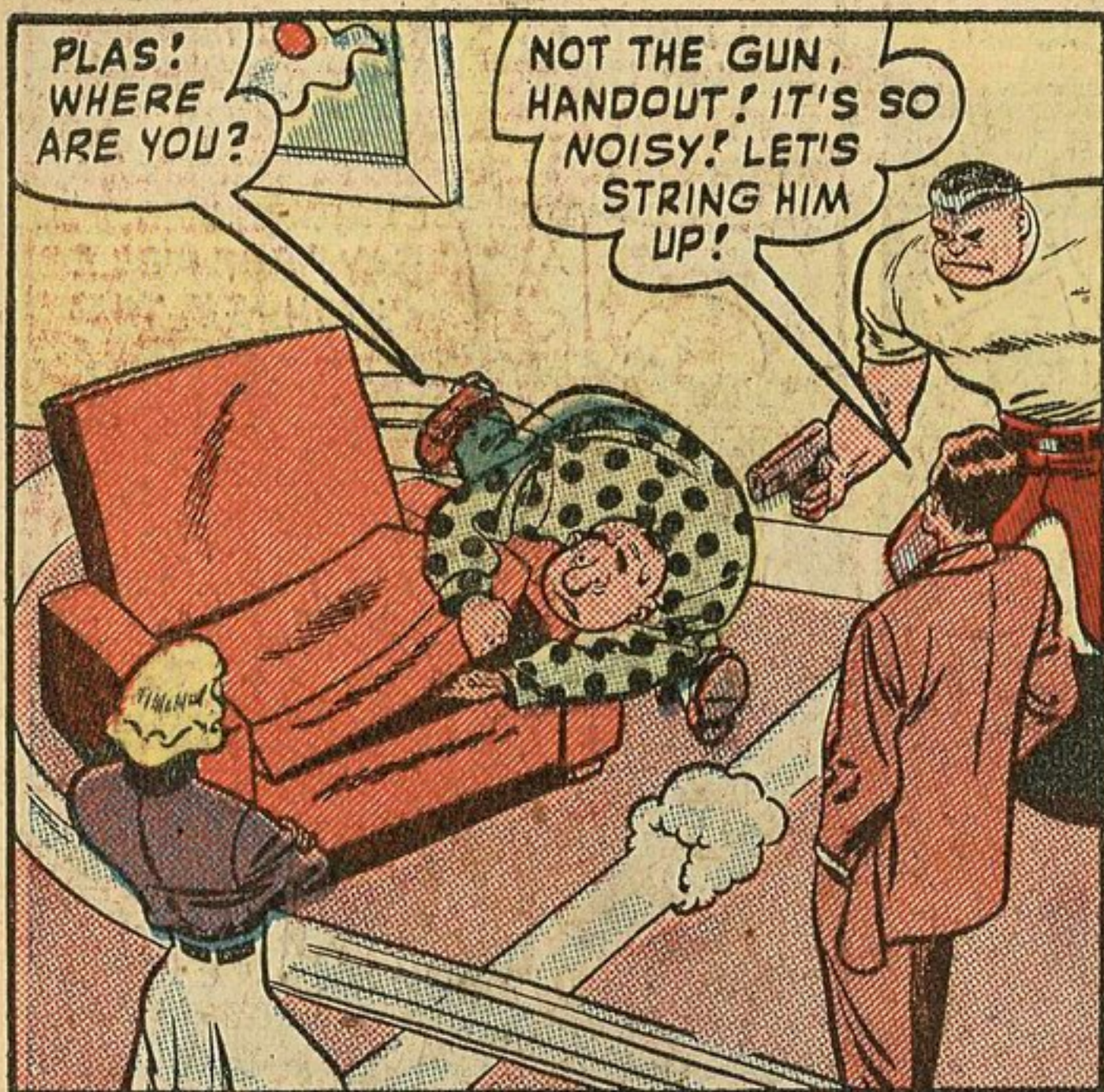
NONSENSE! AS USUAL, MY PAL PLASTIC MAN IS RIGHT BEHIND ME!



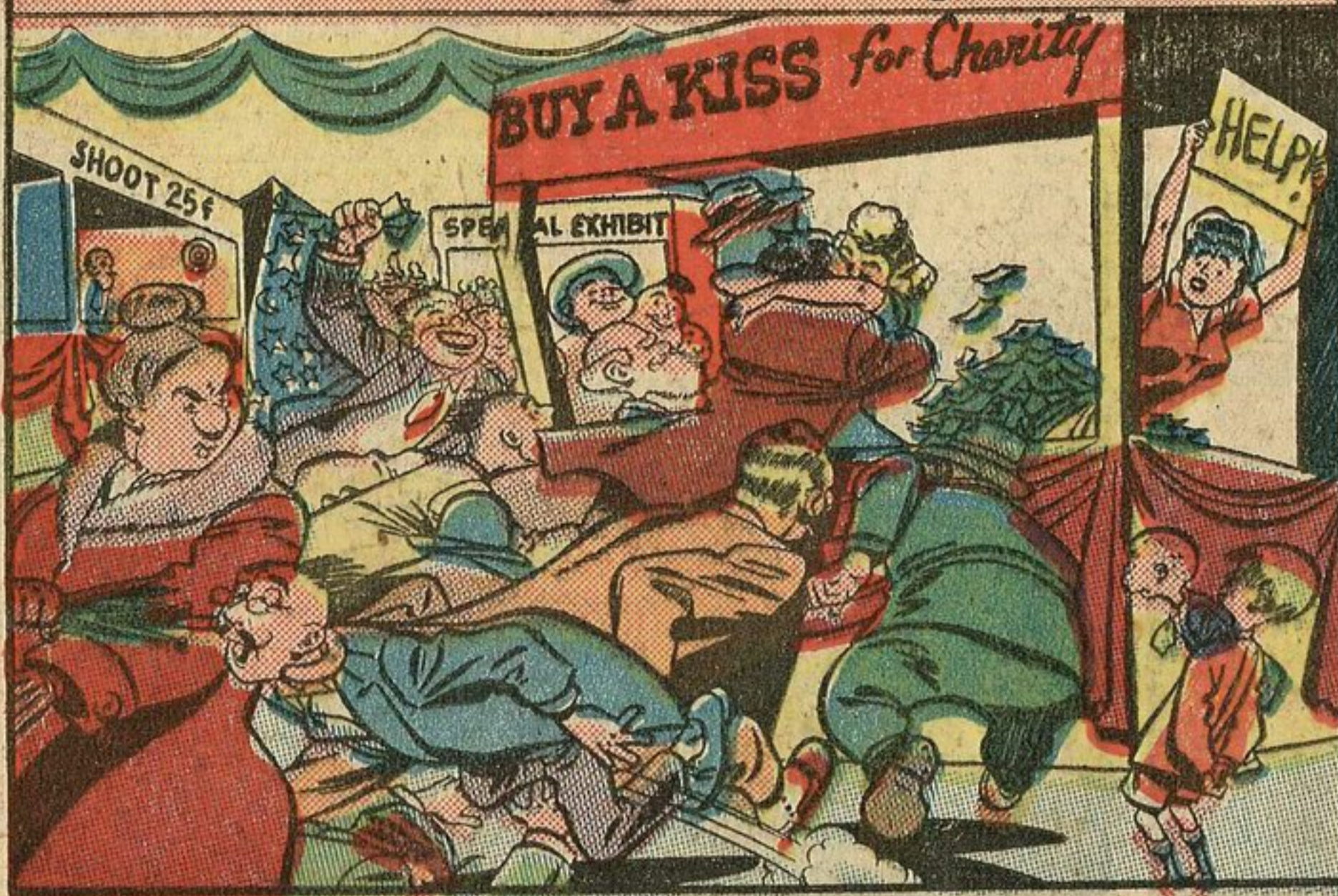
AREN'T YOU THERE, PLAS...

PLAS!

HEY, PLAS!

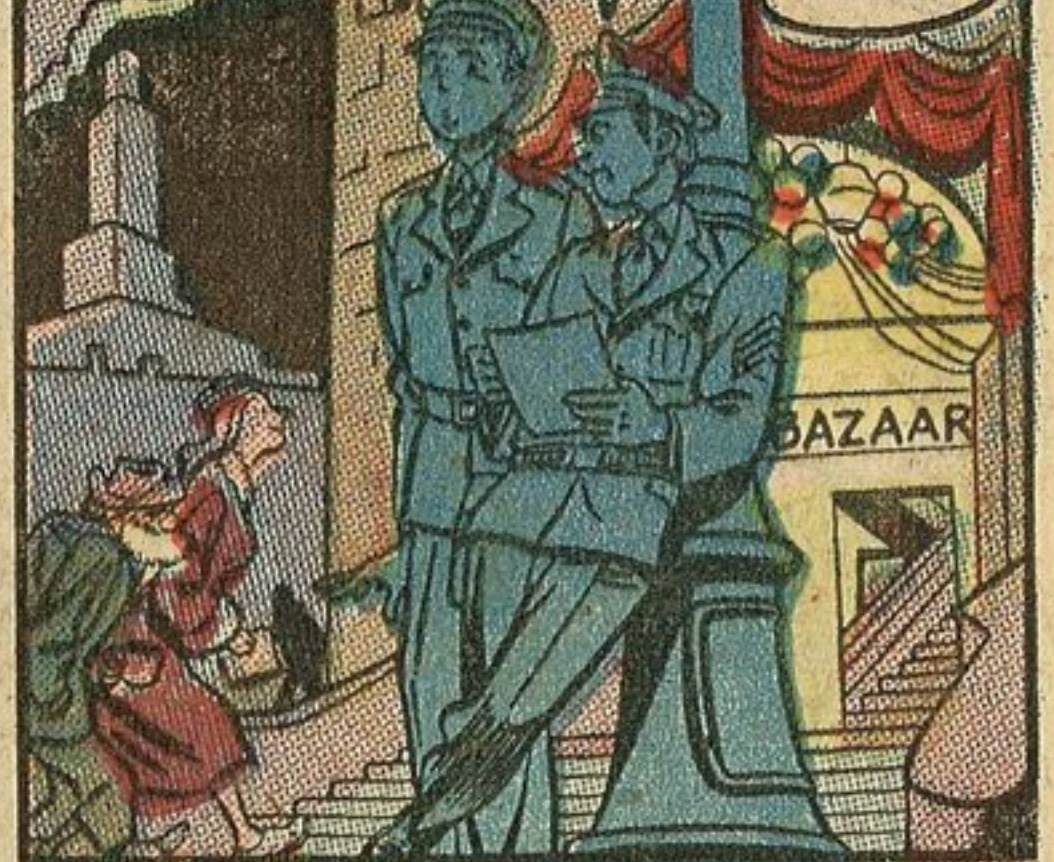


And the bazaar is flung open to eager crowds ...



YOU THINK THE VANISHERS WILL TRY SOMETHING?

MAYBE! HERE'S A DESCRIPTION OF EACH OF THEM! PRETTY SLICK CHARACTERS, I'D SAY! BUT WE'LL CATCH 'EM THIS TIME!



HERE'S THE PLACE, PAN-HANDLE! SOON AS WE DITCH THESE COSTUMES...

PSST, FOLKS! DUCK IN HERE!



THIS IS COMIN' OFF RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

WE CAN CHANGE HERE AND SLIP BACK INTO OUR BEGGAR CLOTHES WHEN WE COME OUT WITH THE LOOT! NOBODY CAN TRACE US IF WE'RE QUICK ABOUT IT!



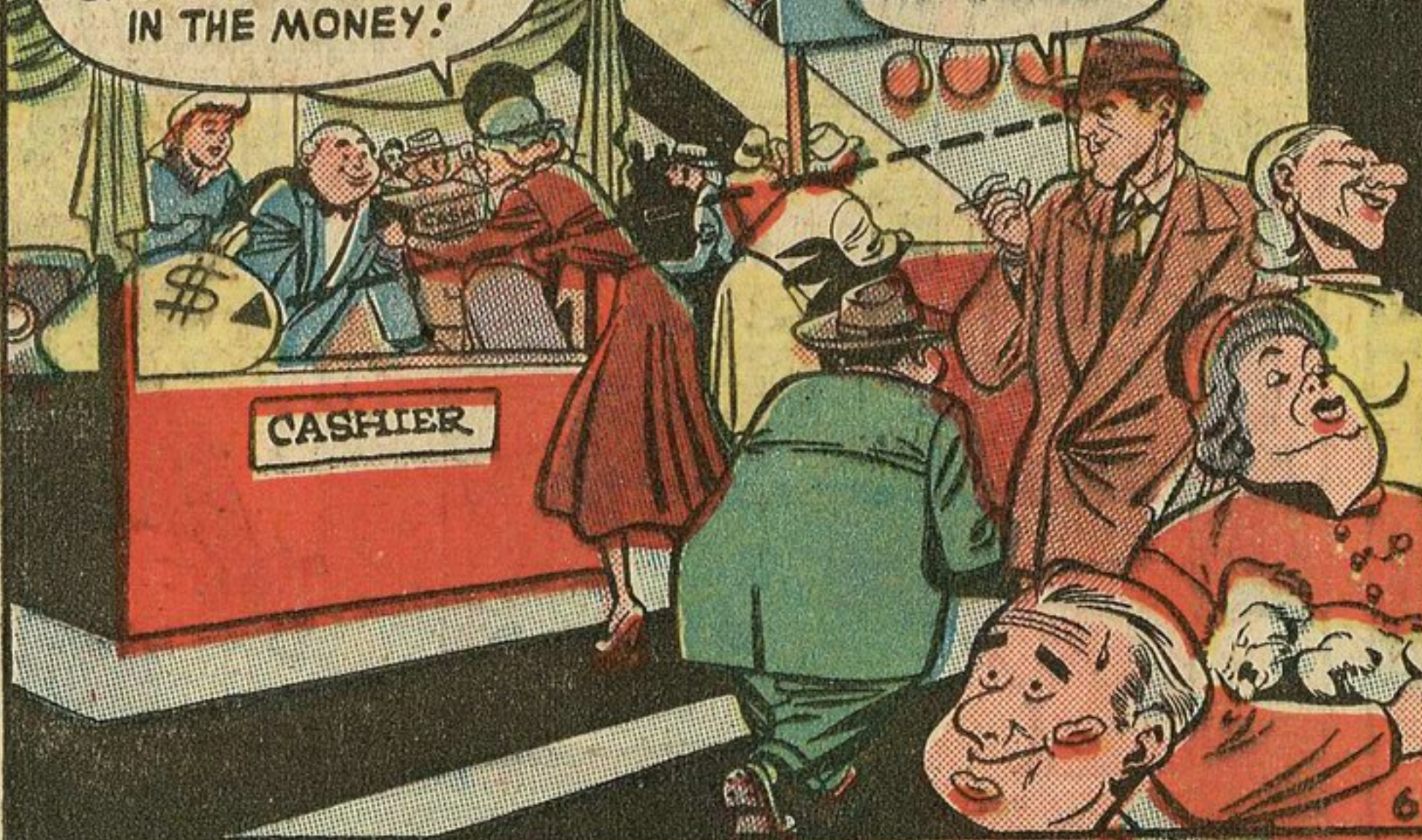
OKAY, MIX WITH THE CROWD! ACT LIKE BLUE-BLOODS TILL YOU HEAR MY SIGNAL!

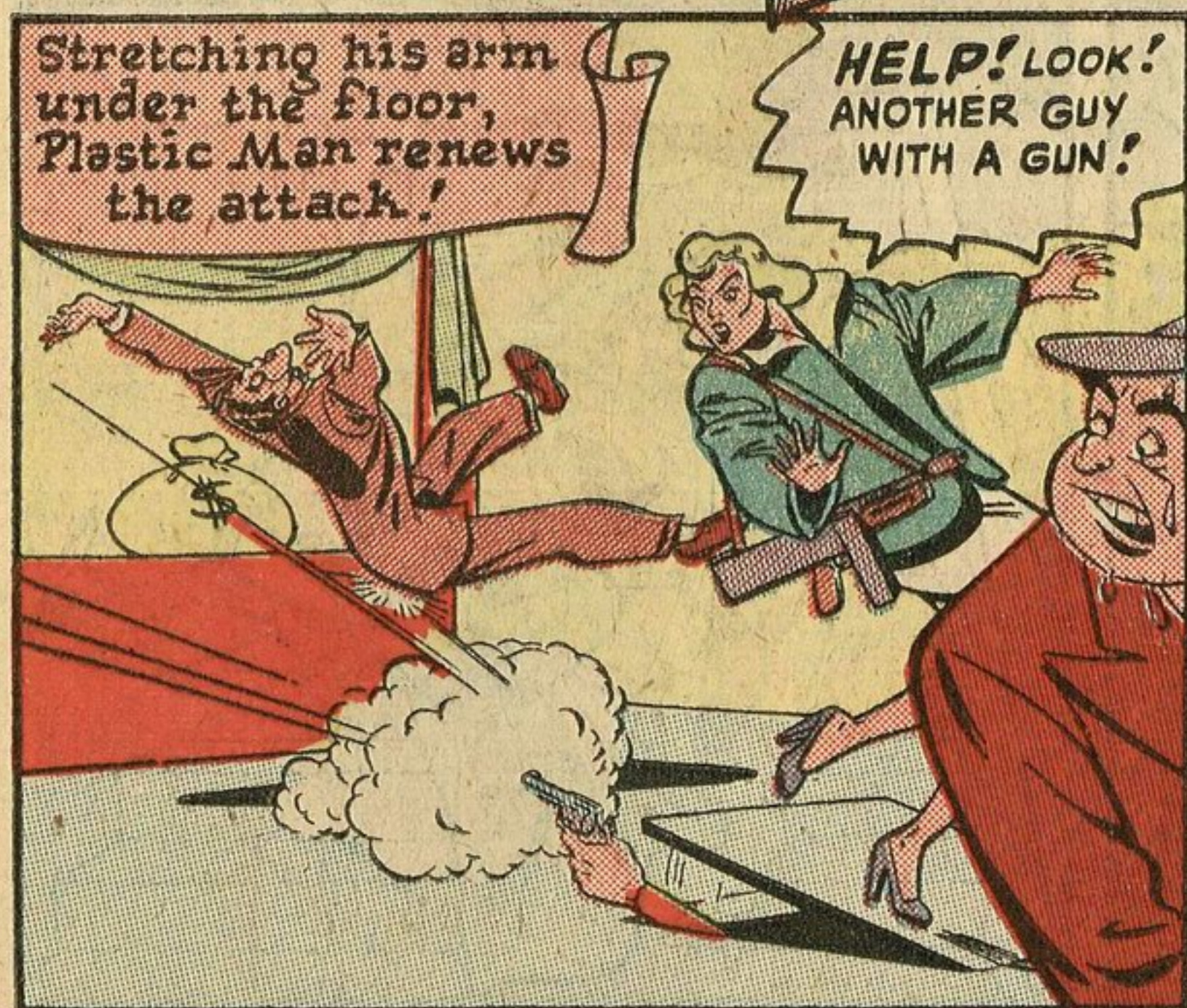
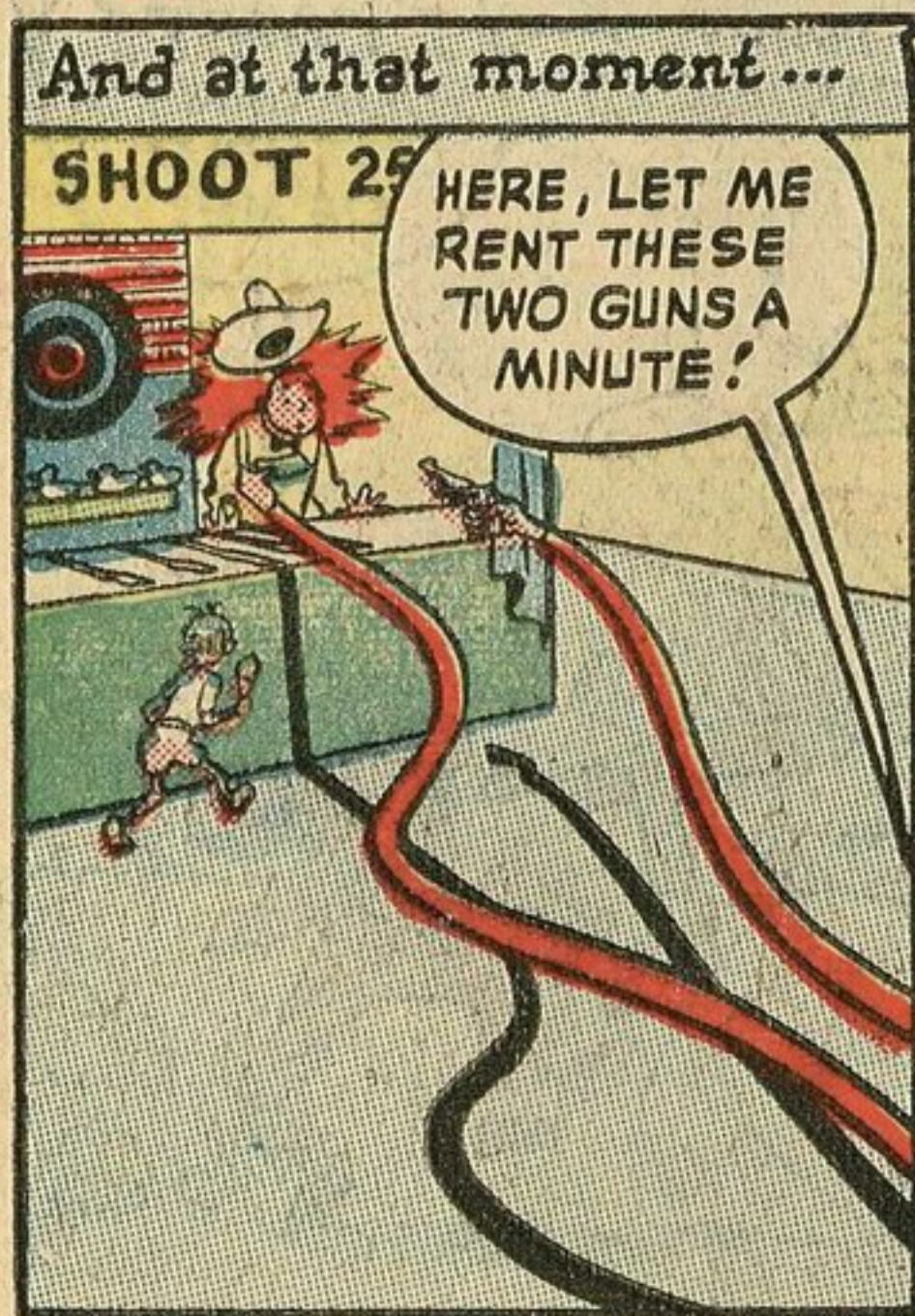
MMM! NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT!

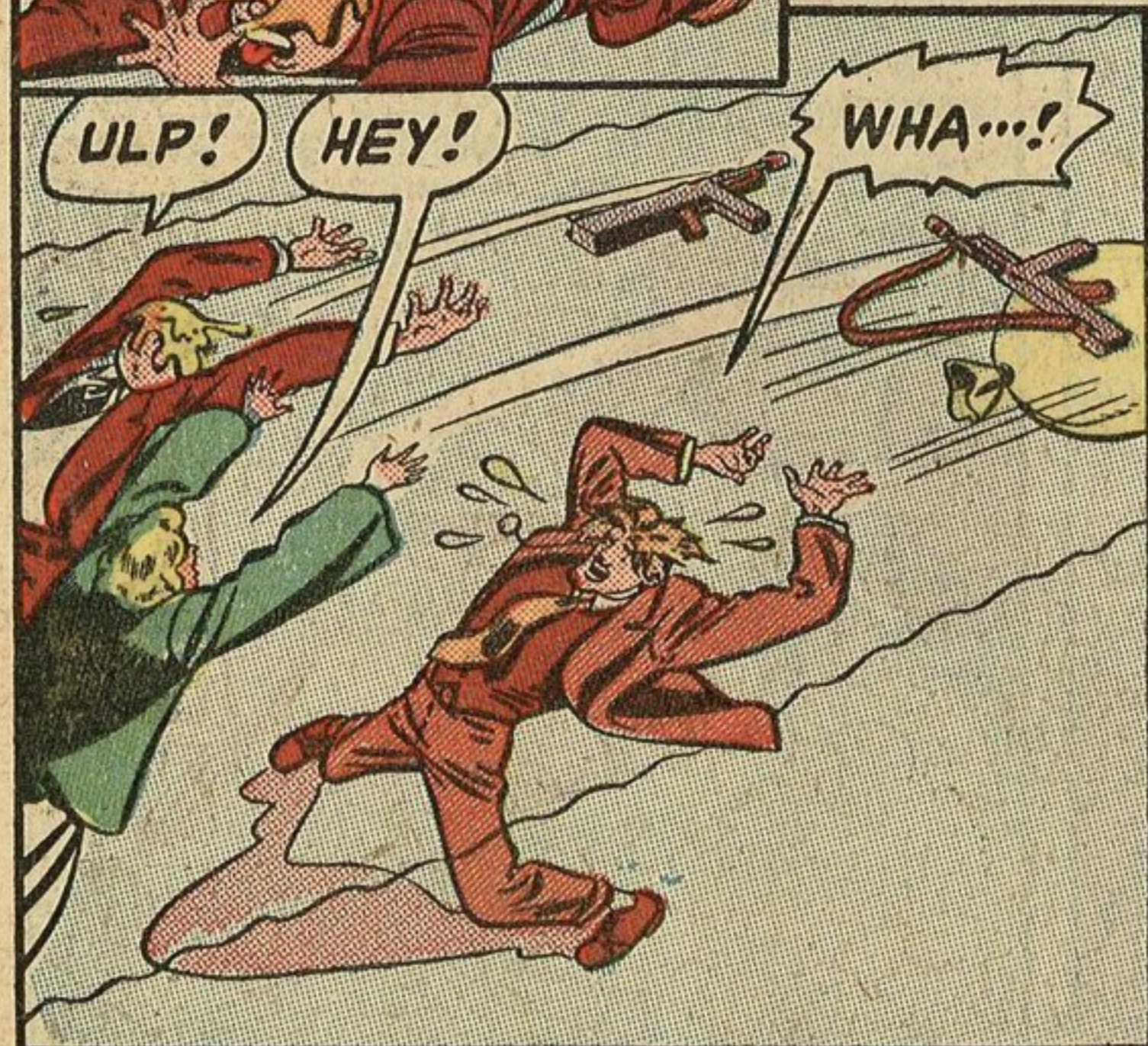
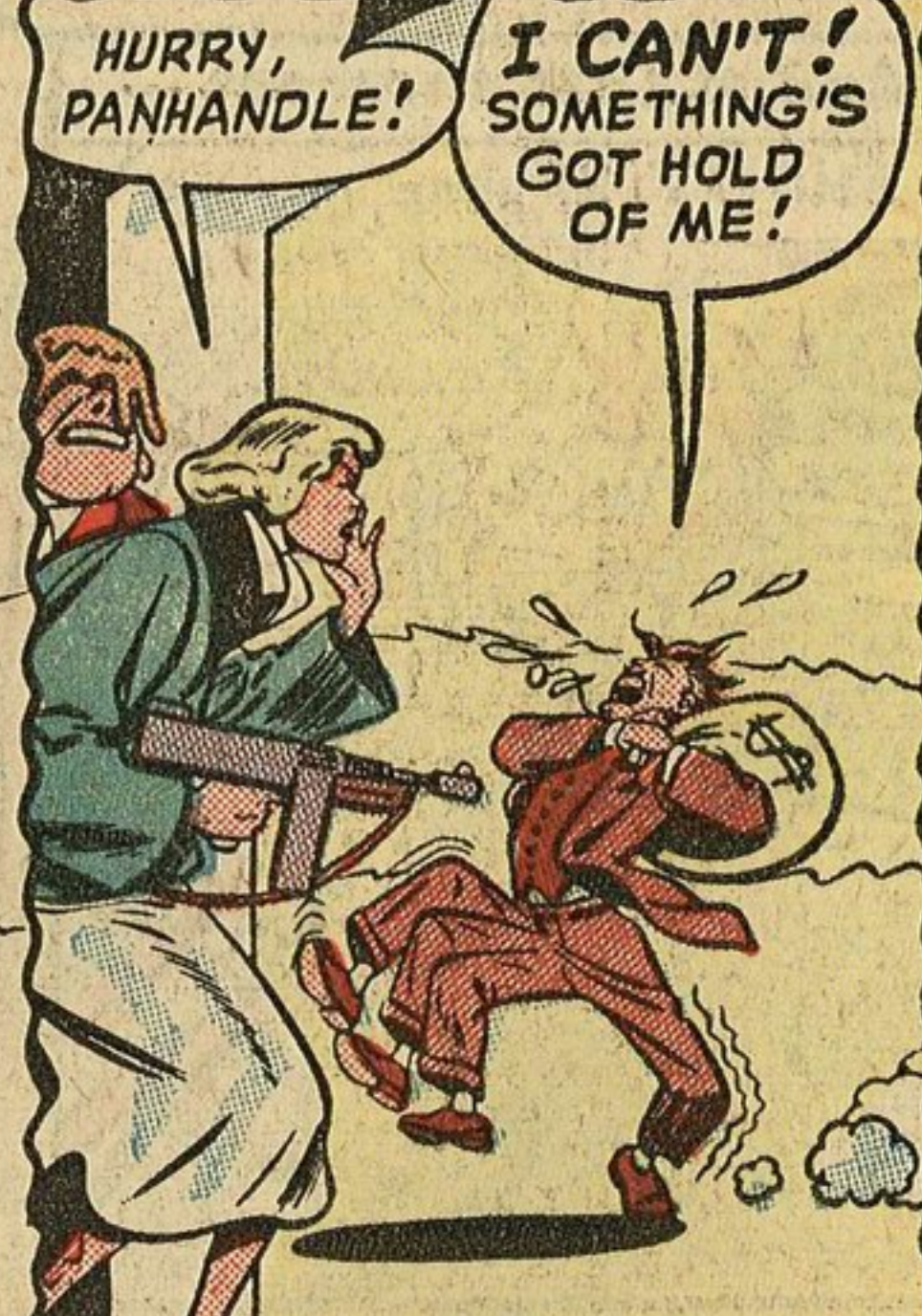
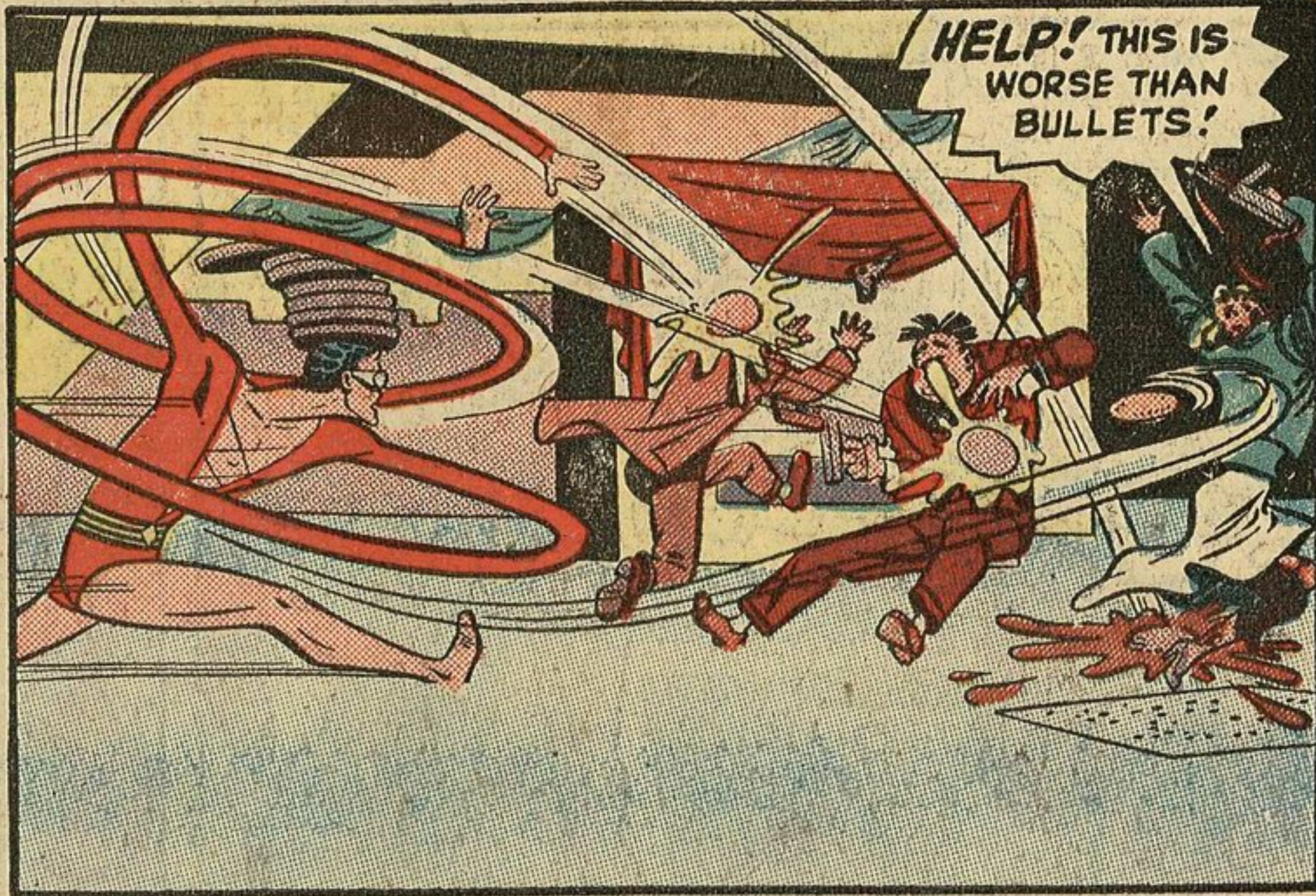


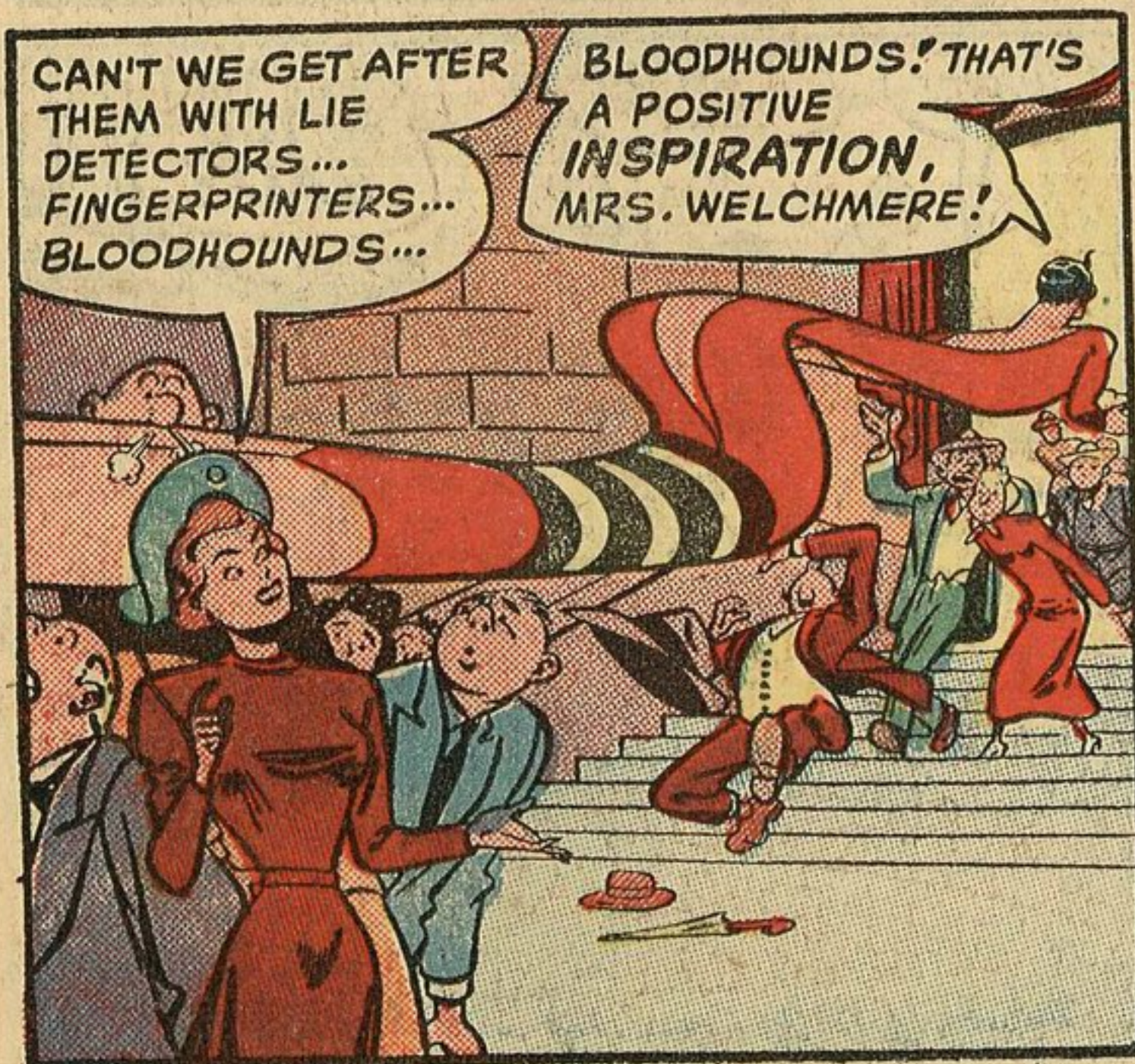
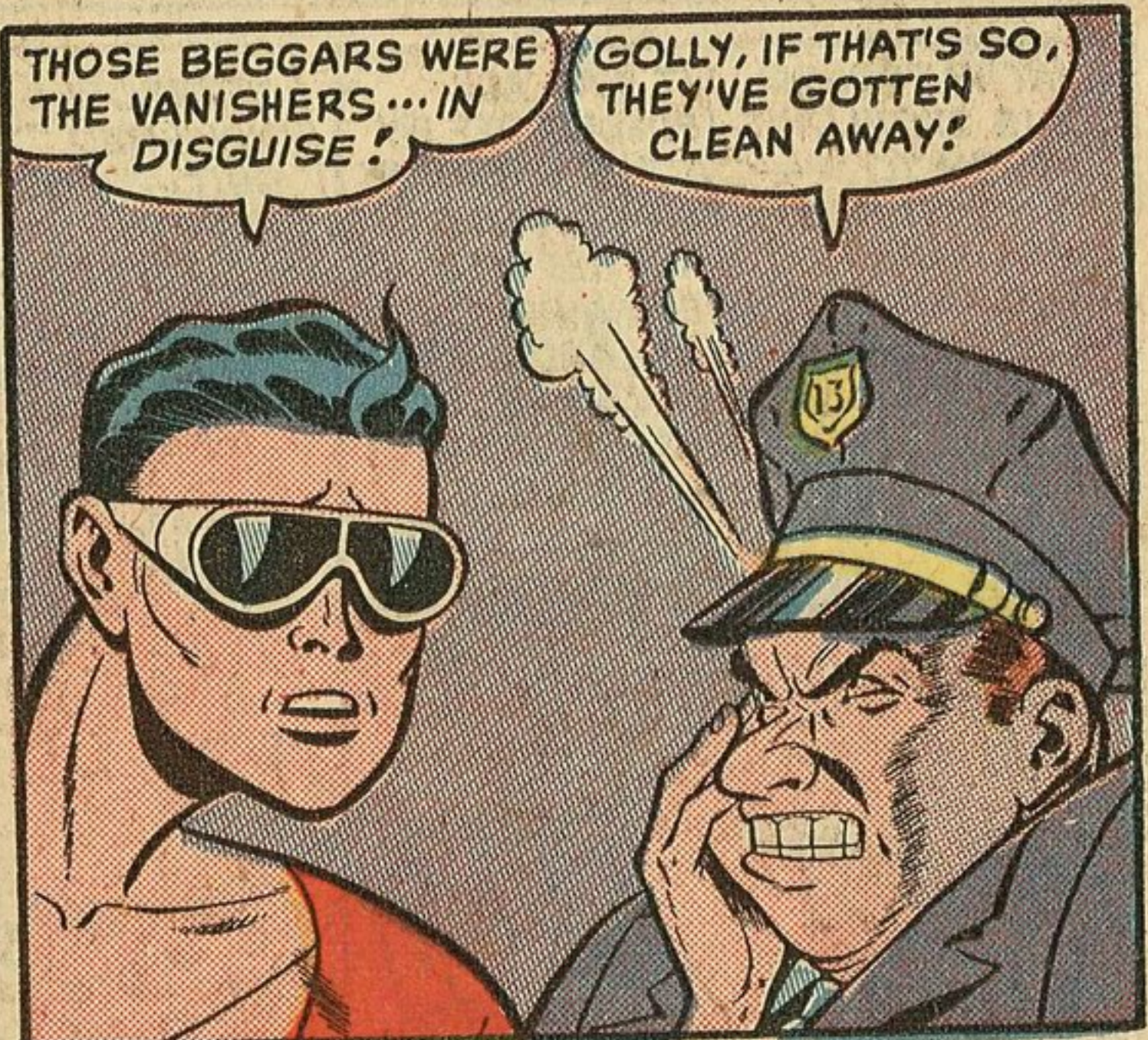
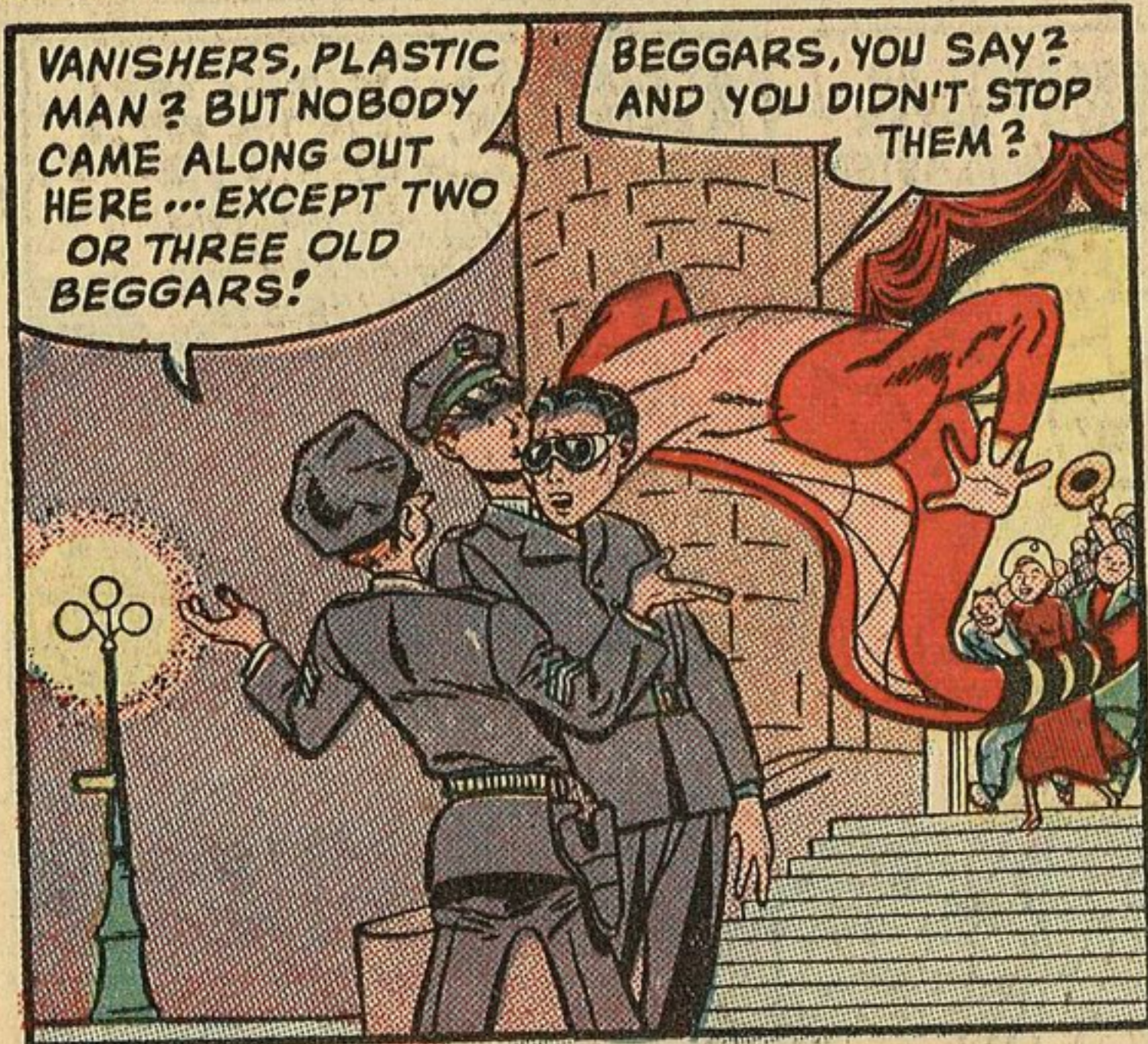
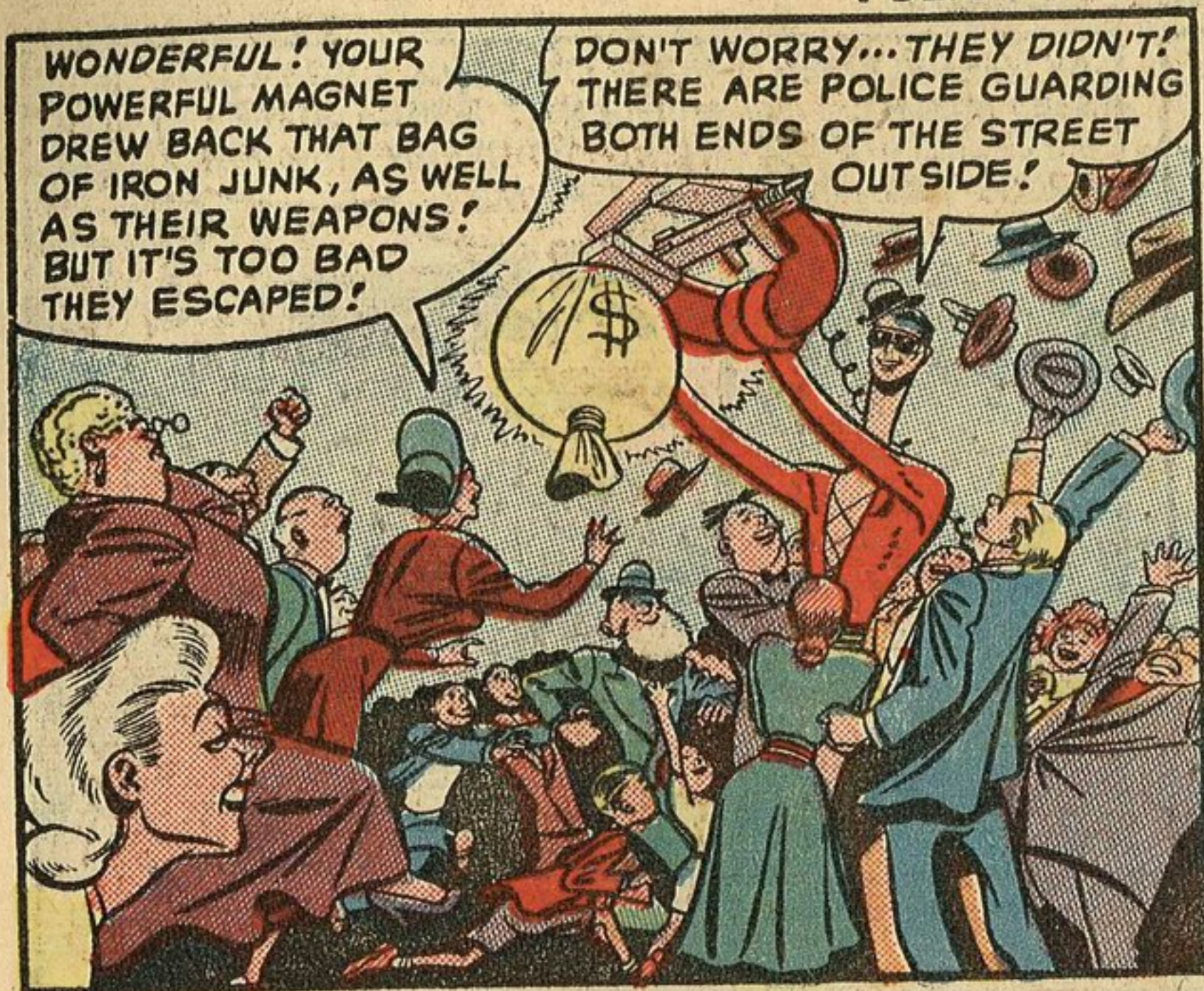
HERE'S ANOTHER BATCH OF RECEIPTS! THE BAZAAR IS RAKING IN THE MONEY!

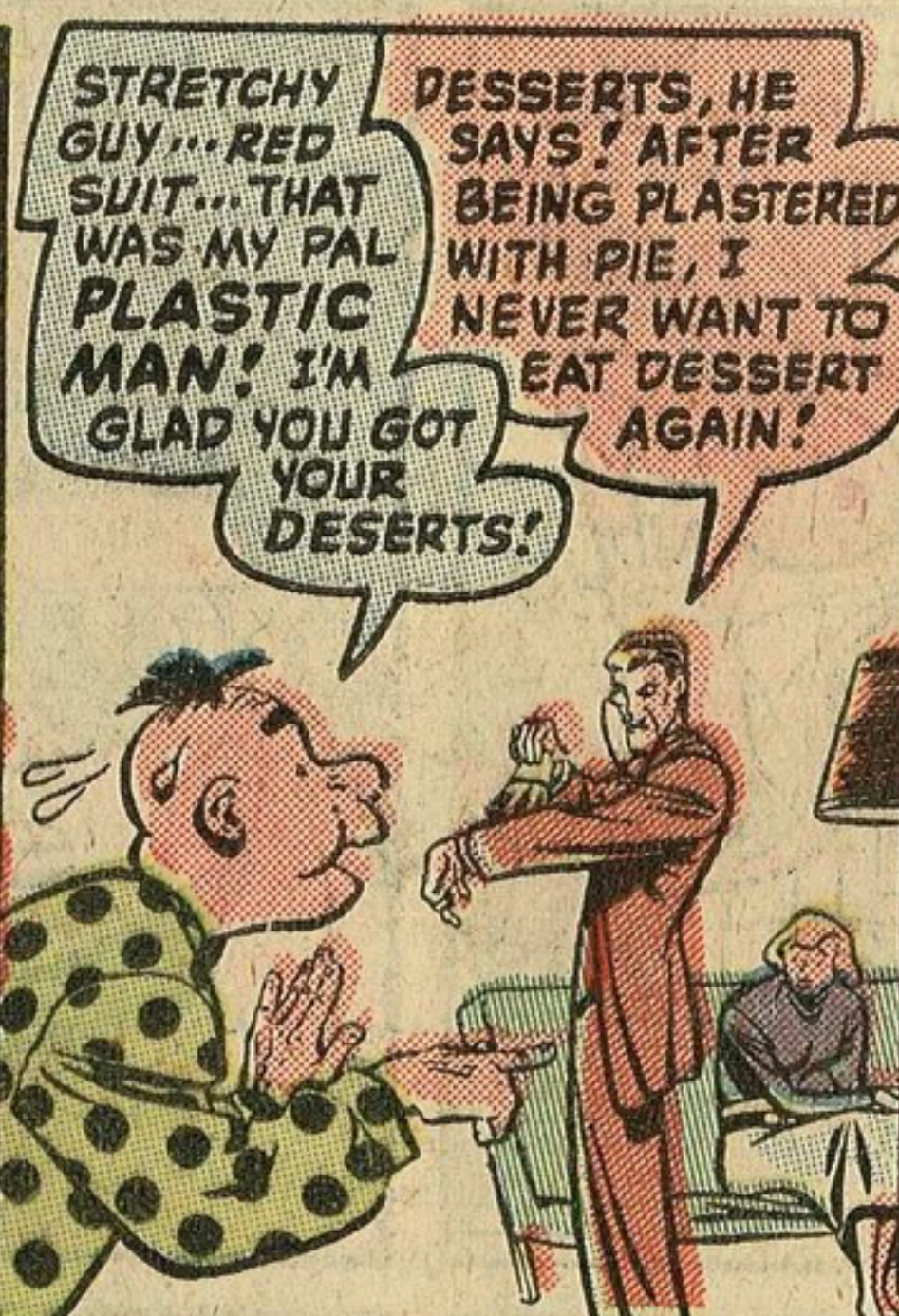
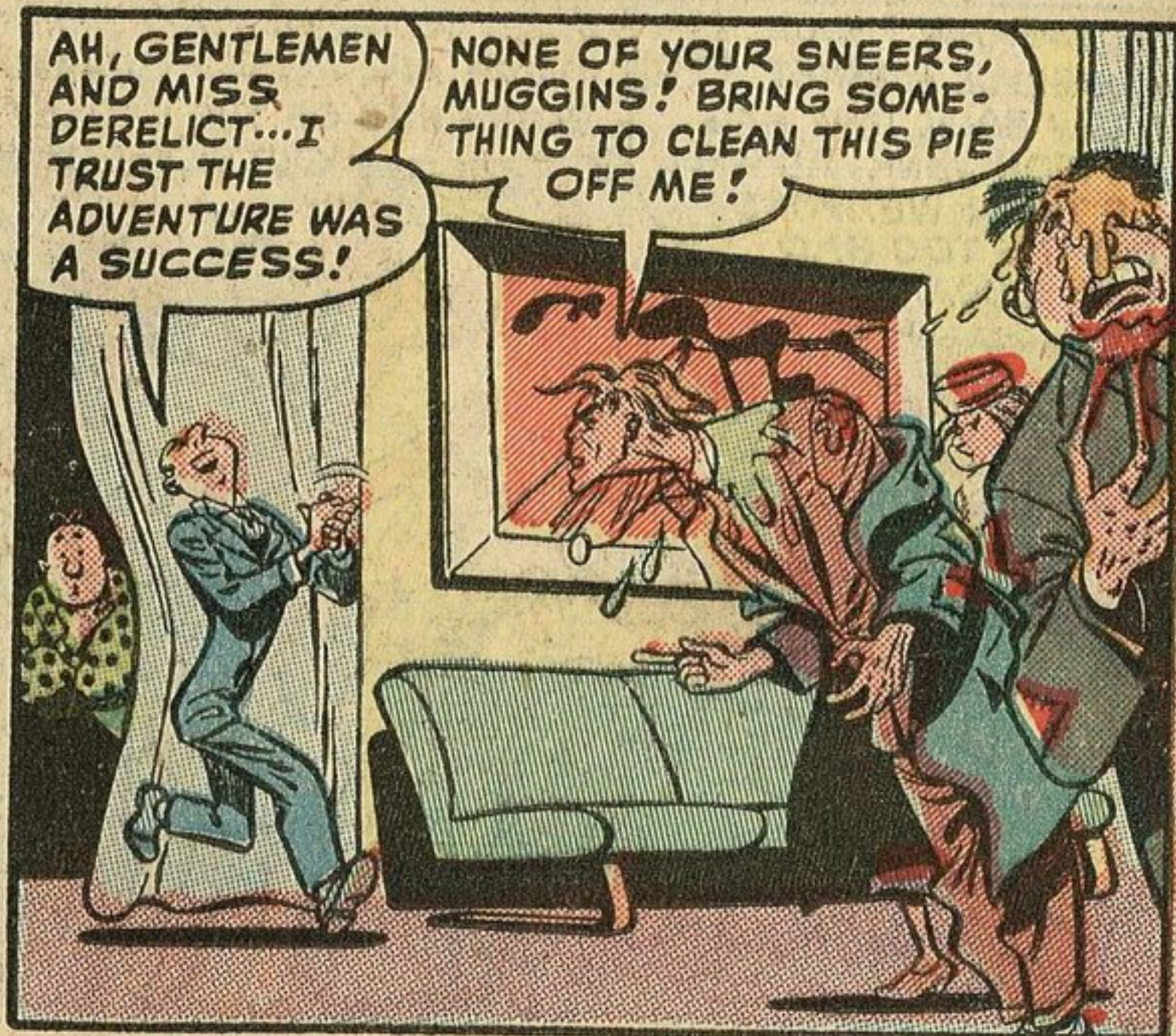
THAT LOOKS ADEQUATE...

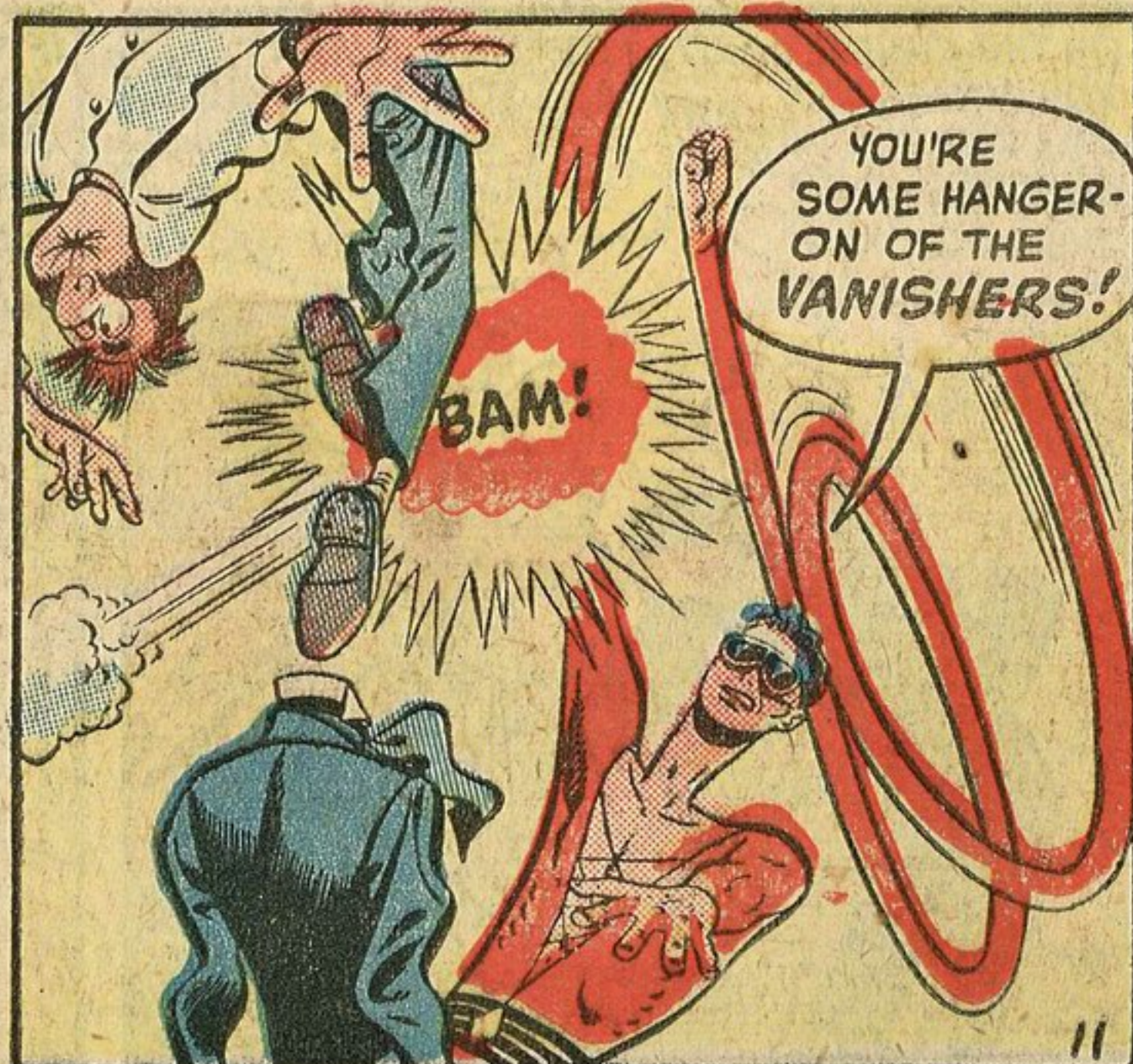
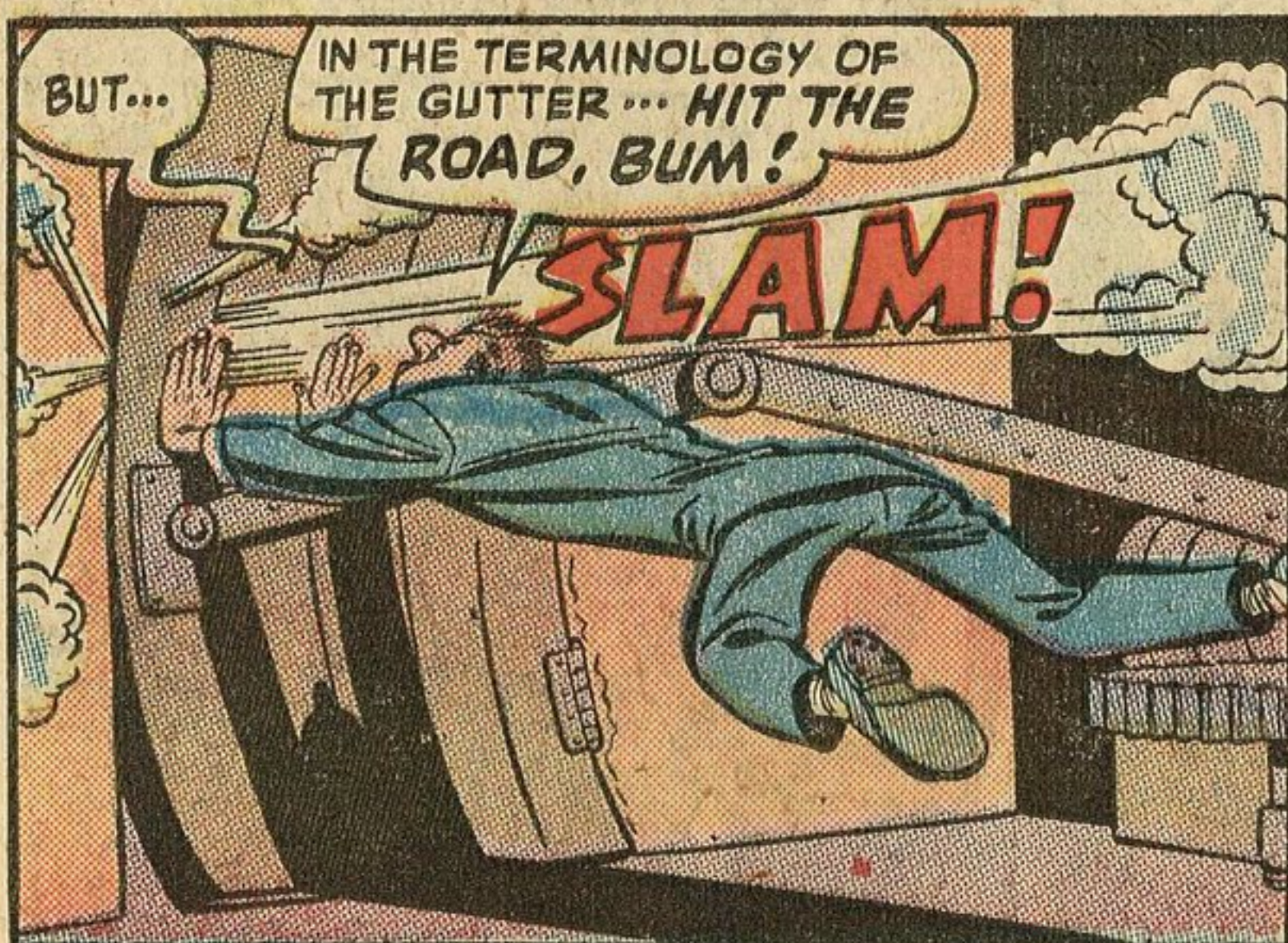
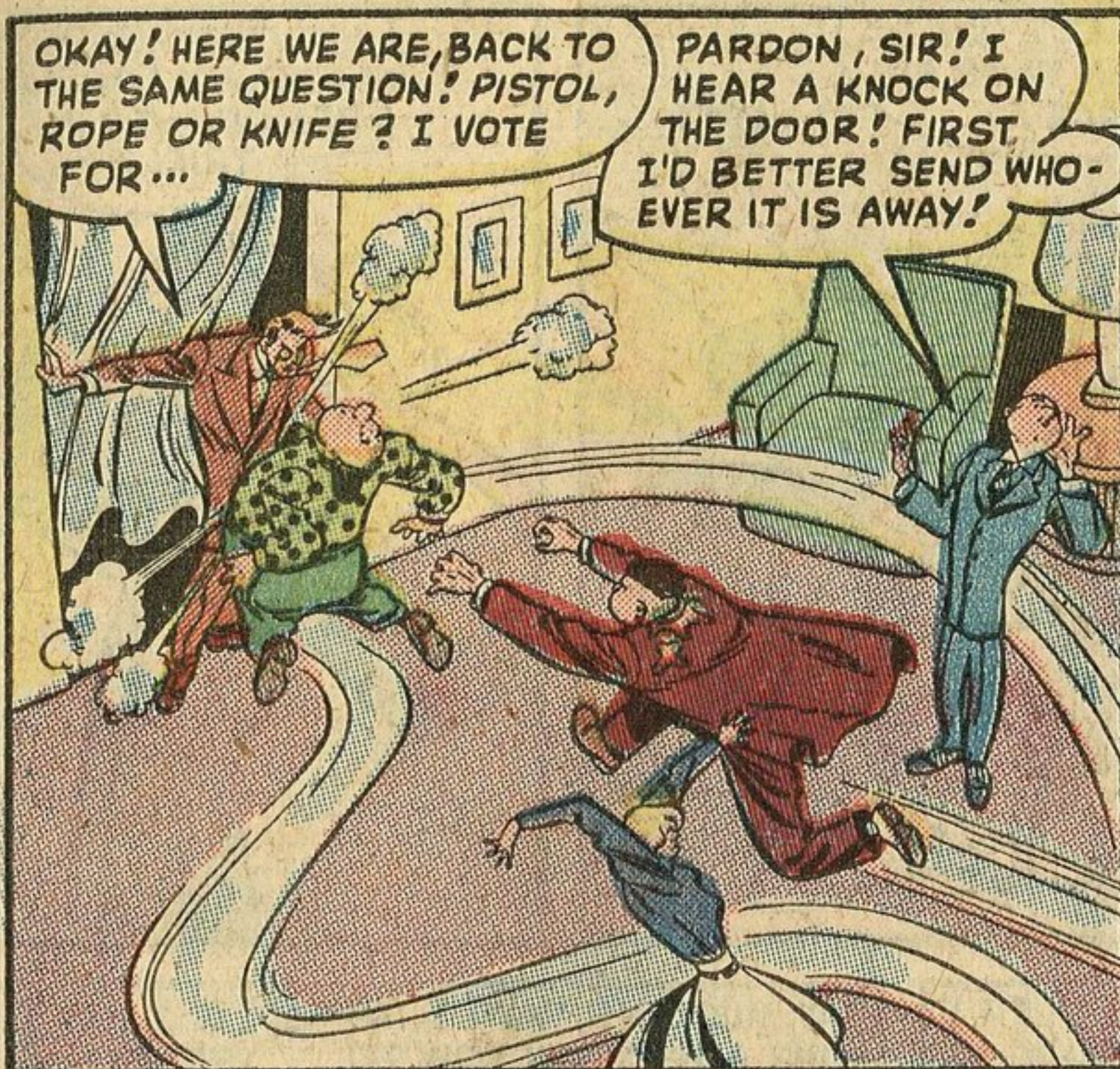




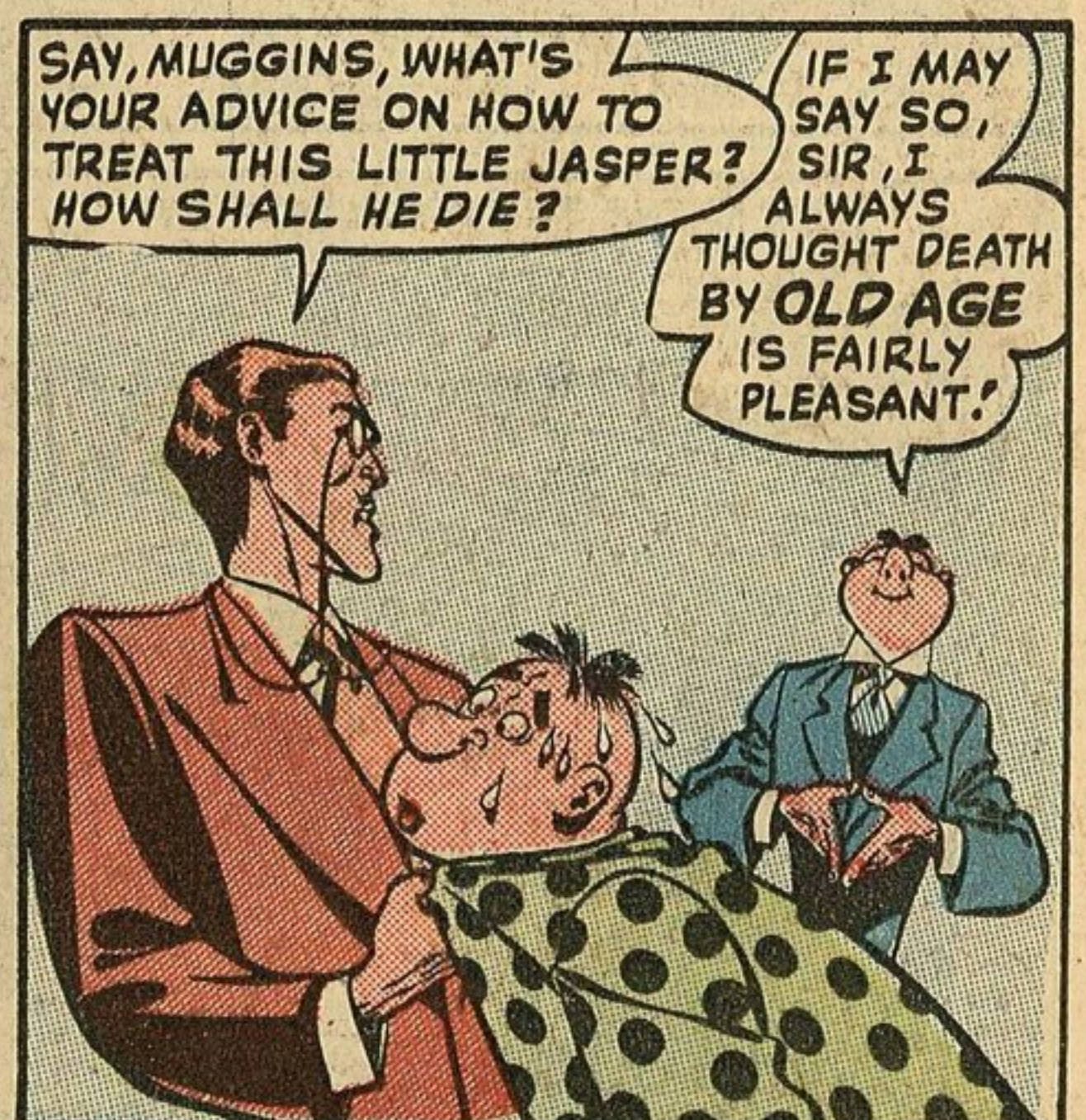
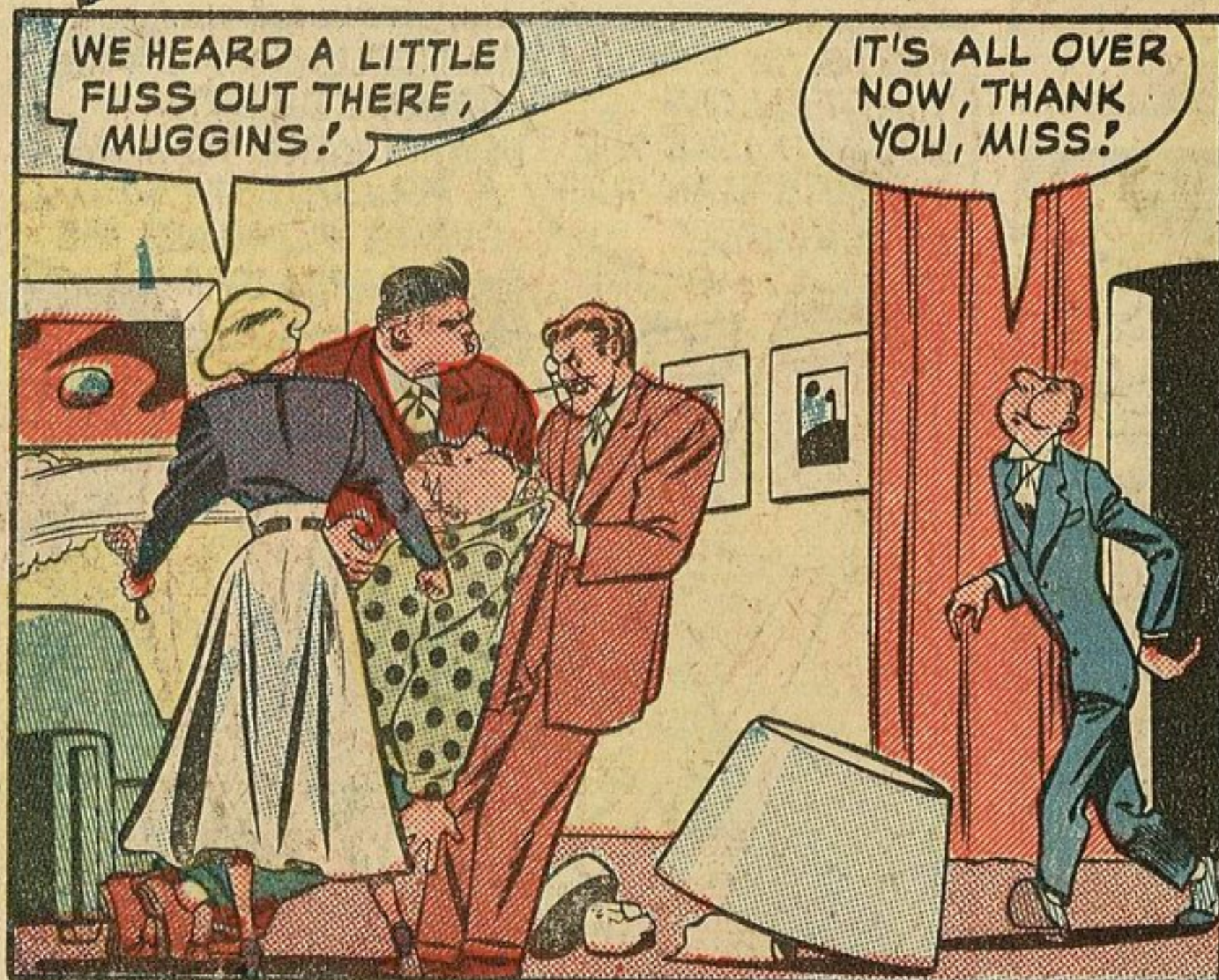
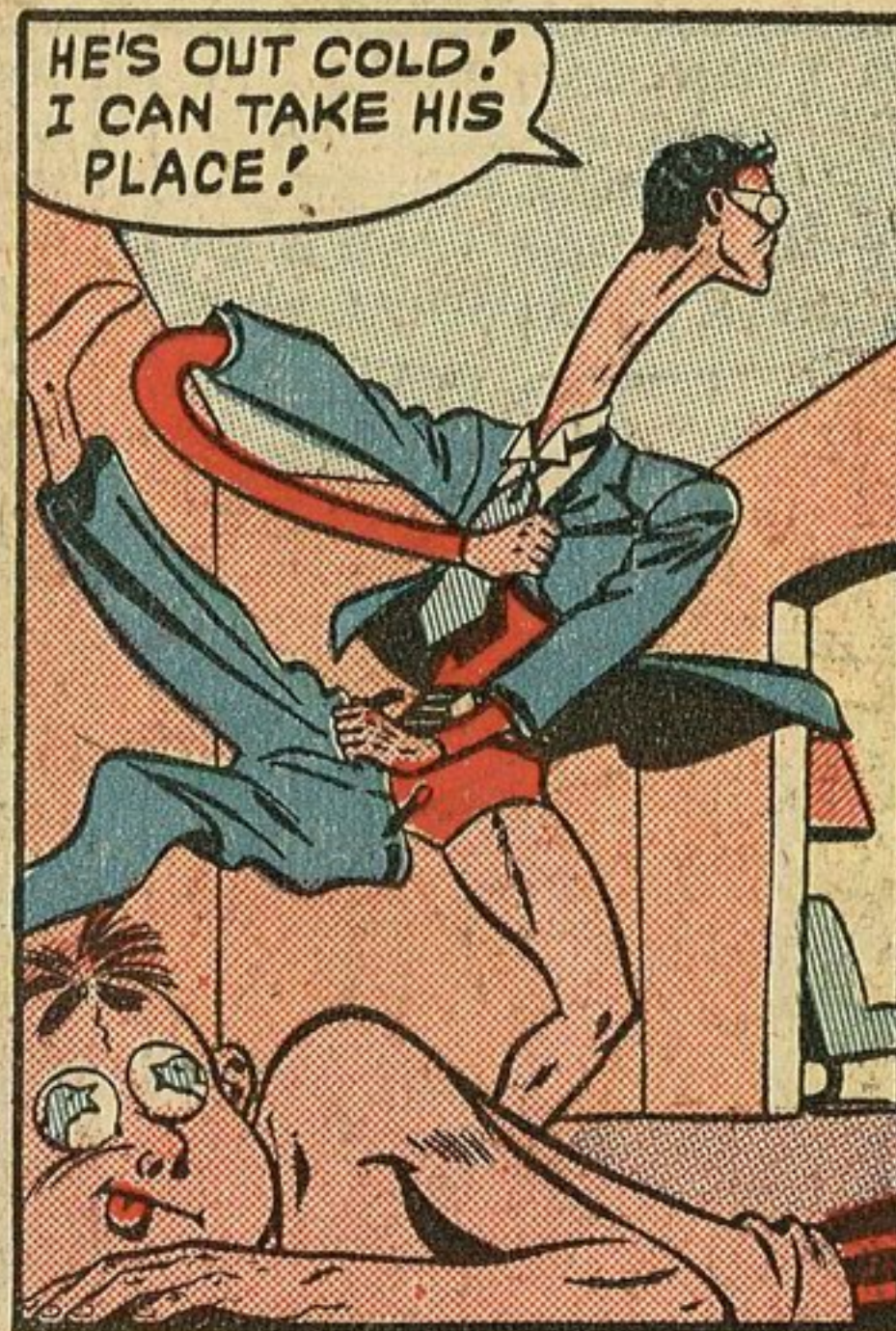


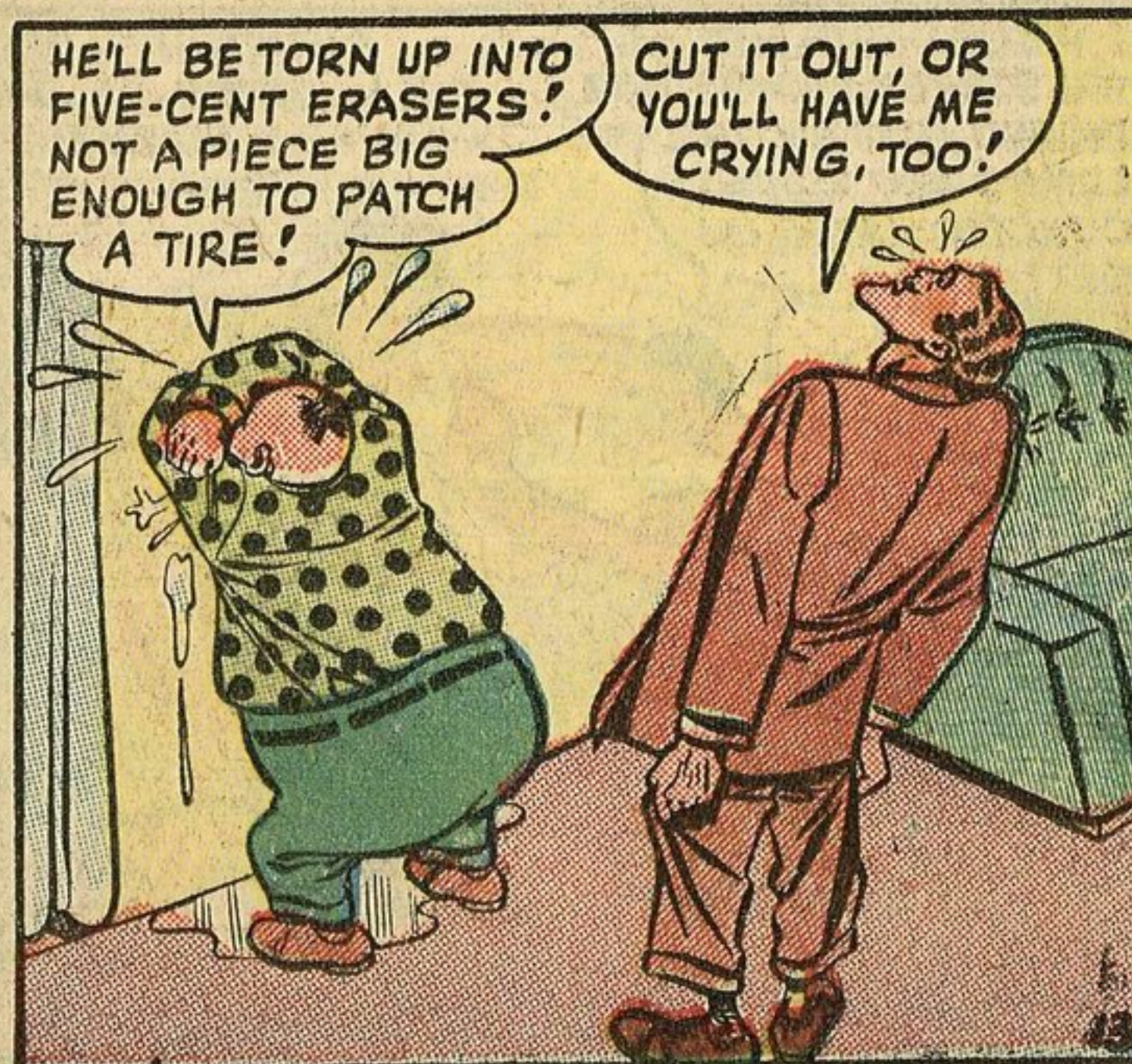
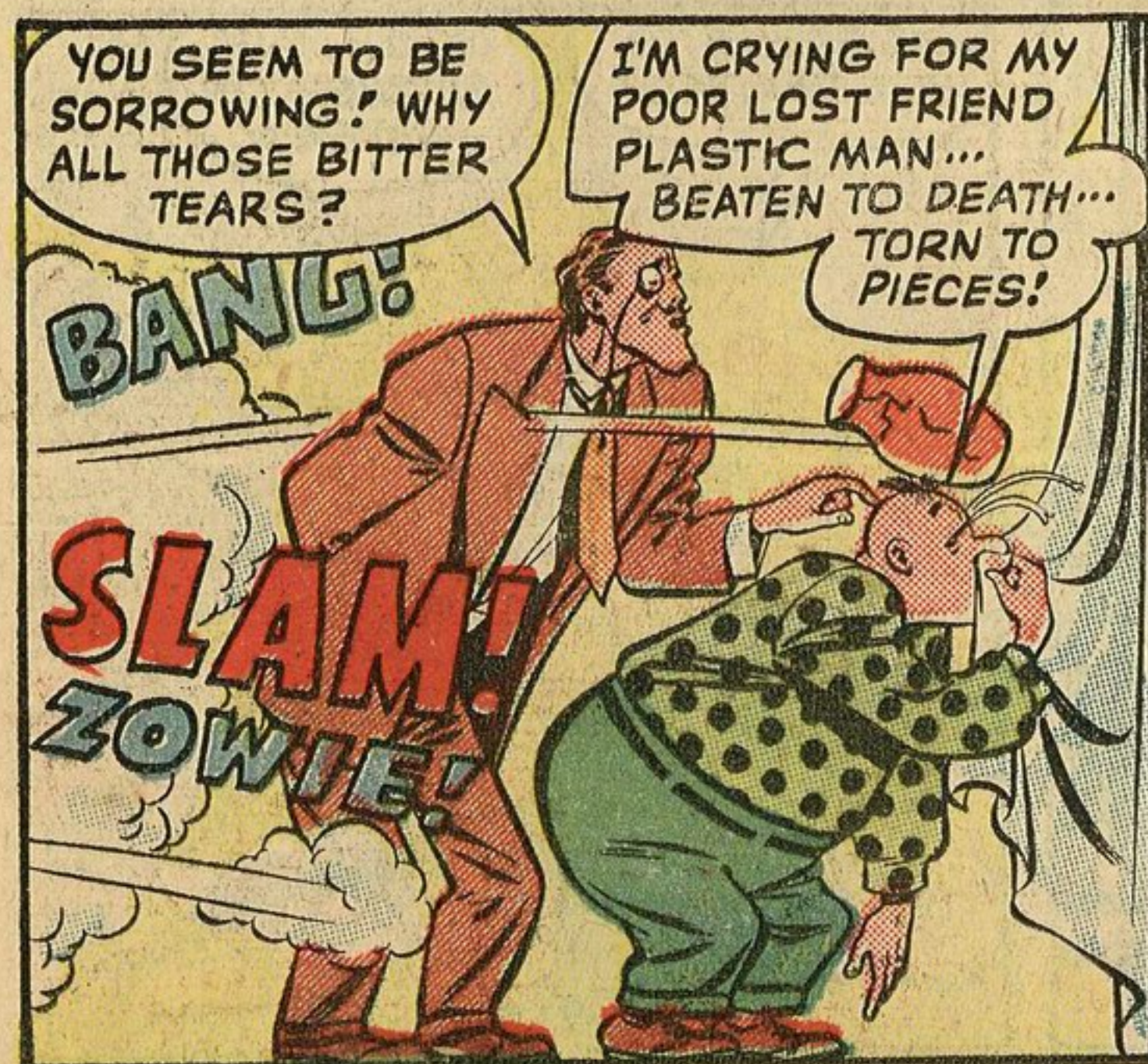
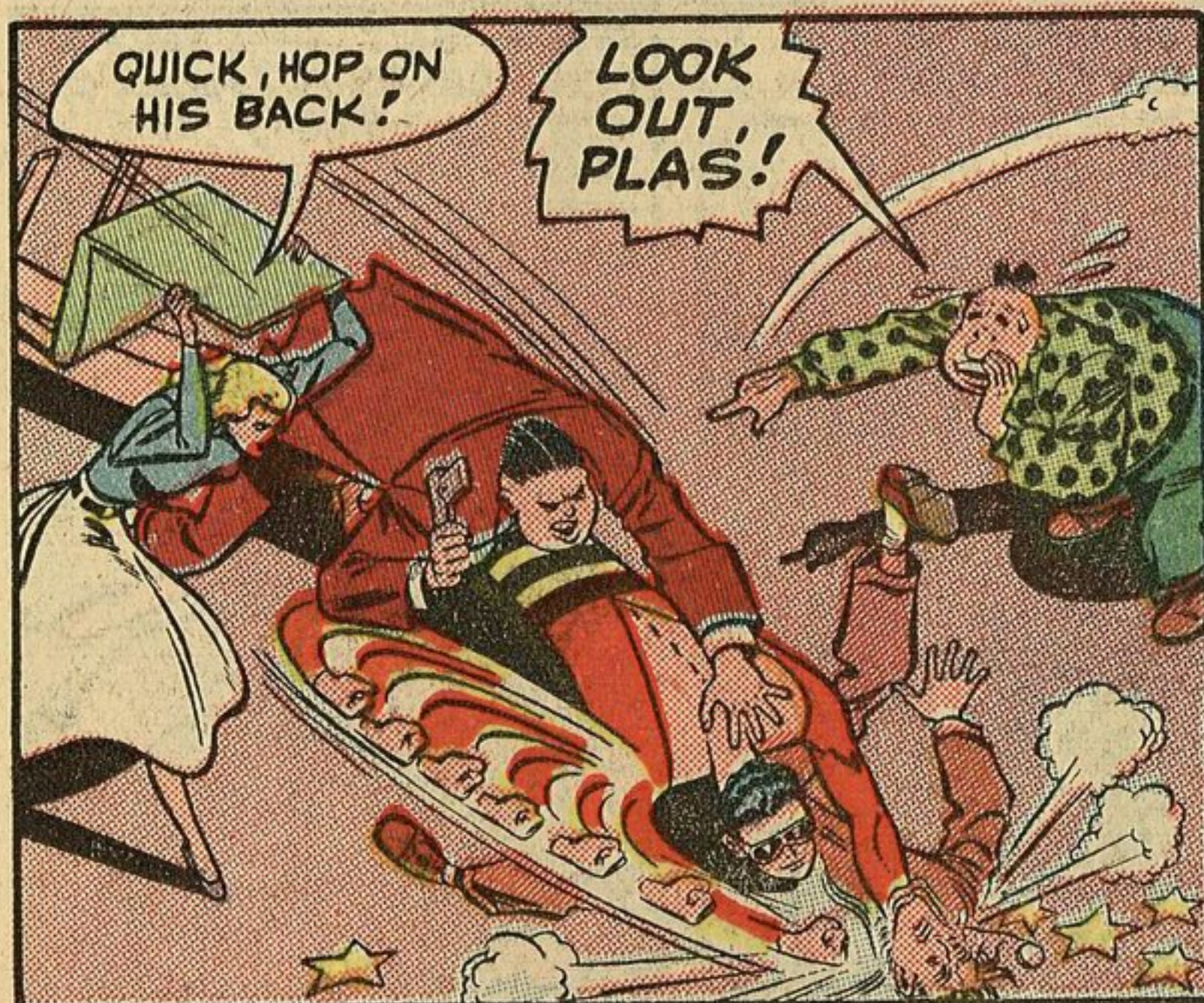
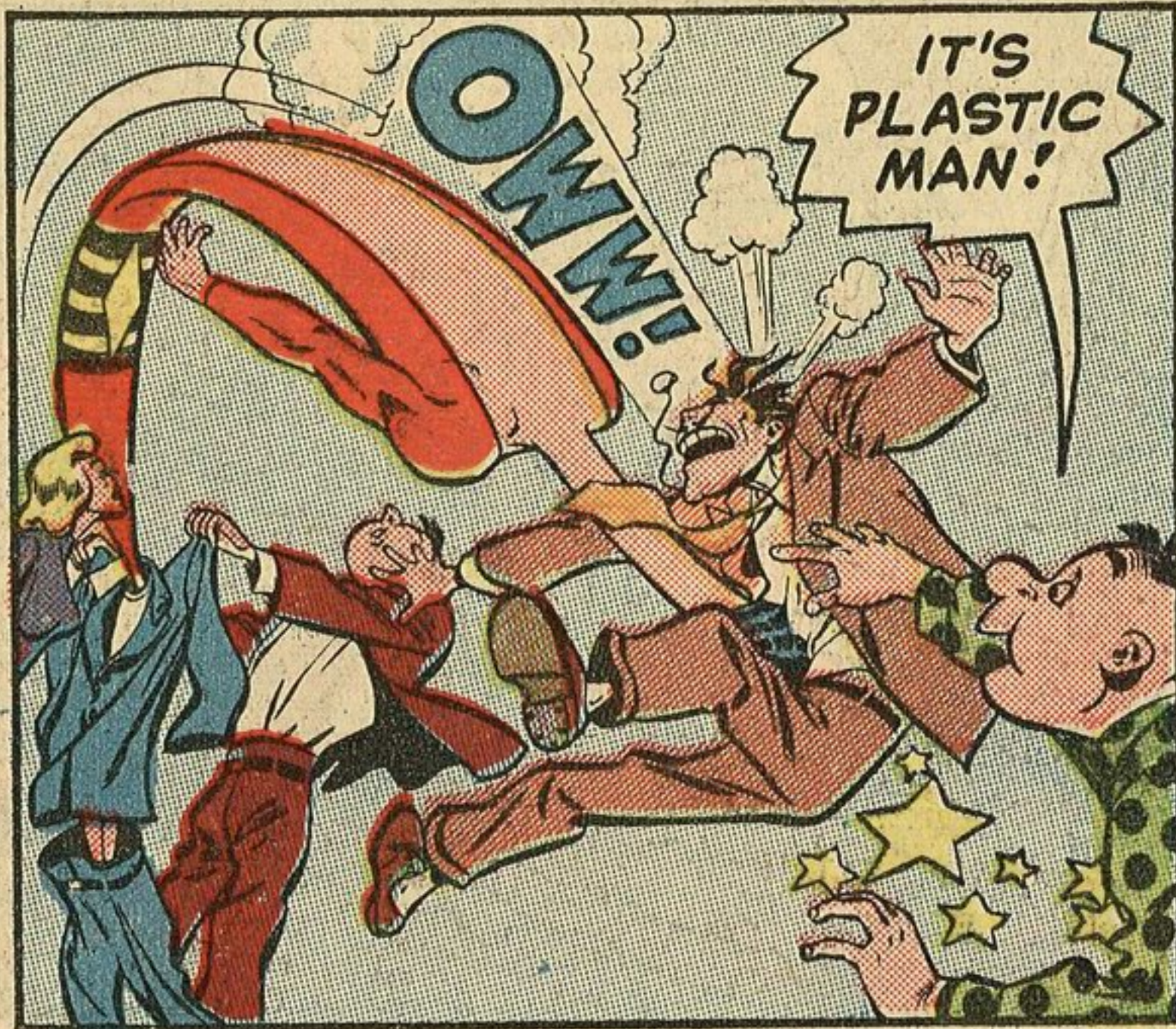
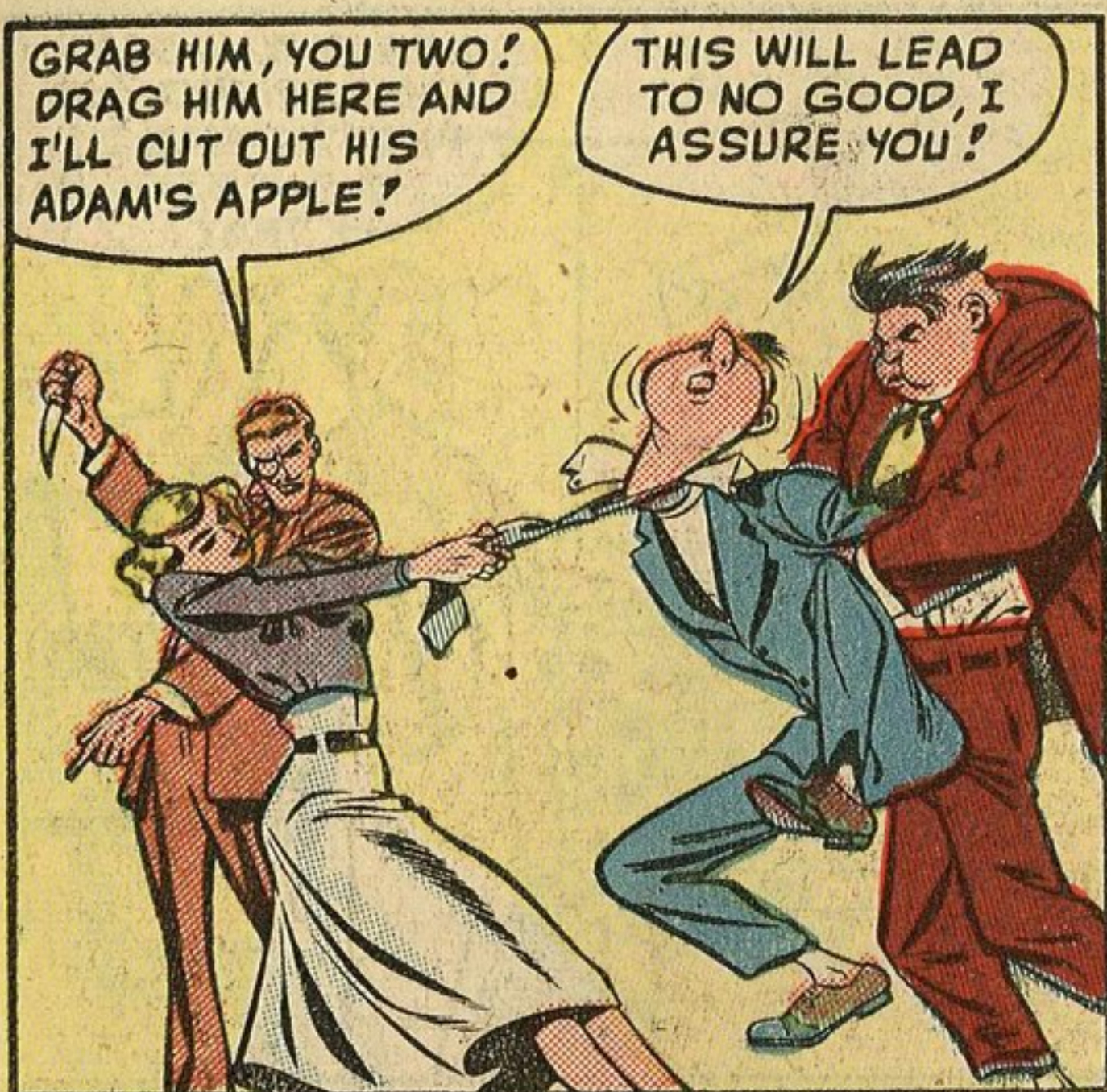


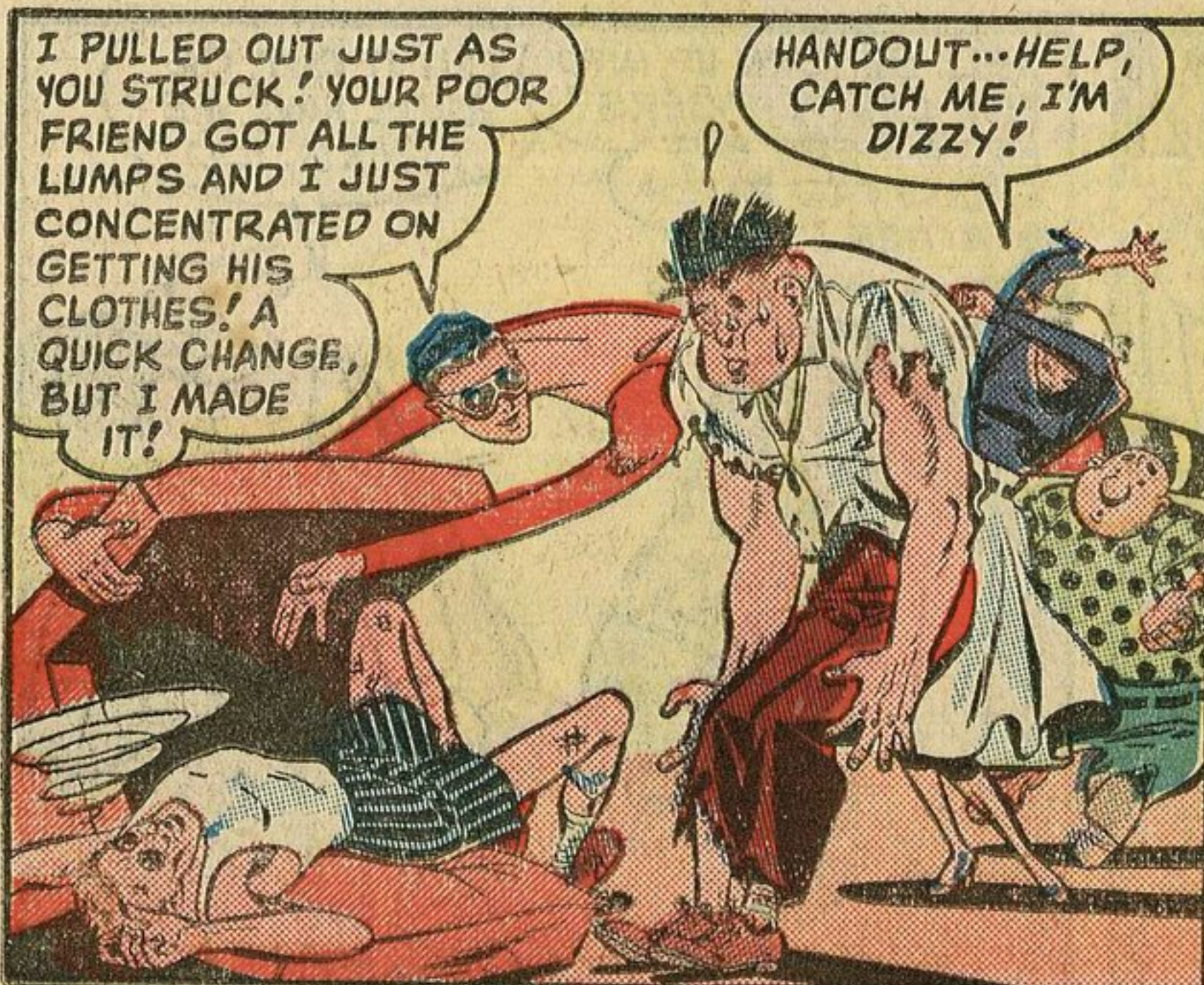


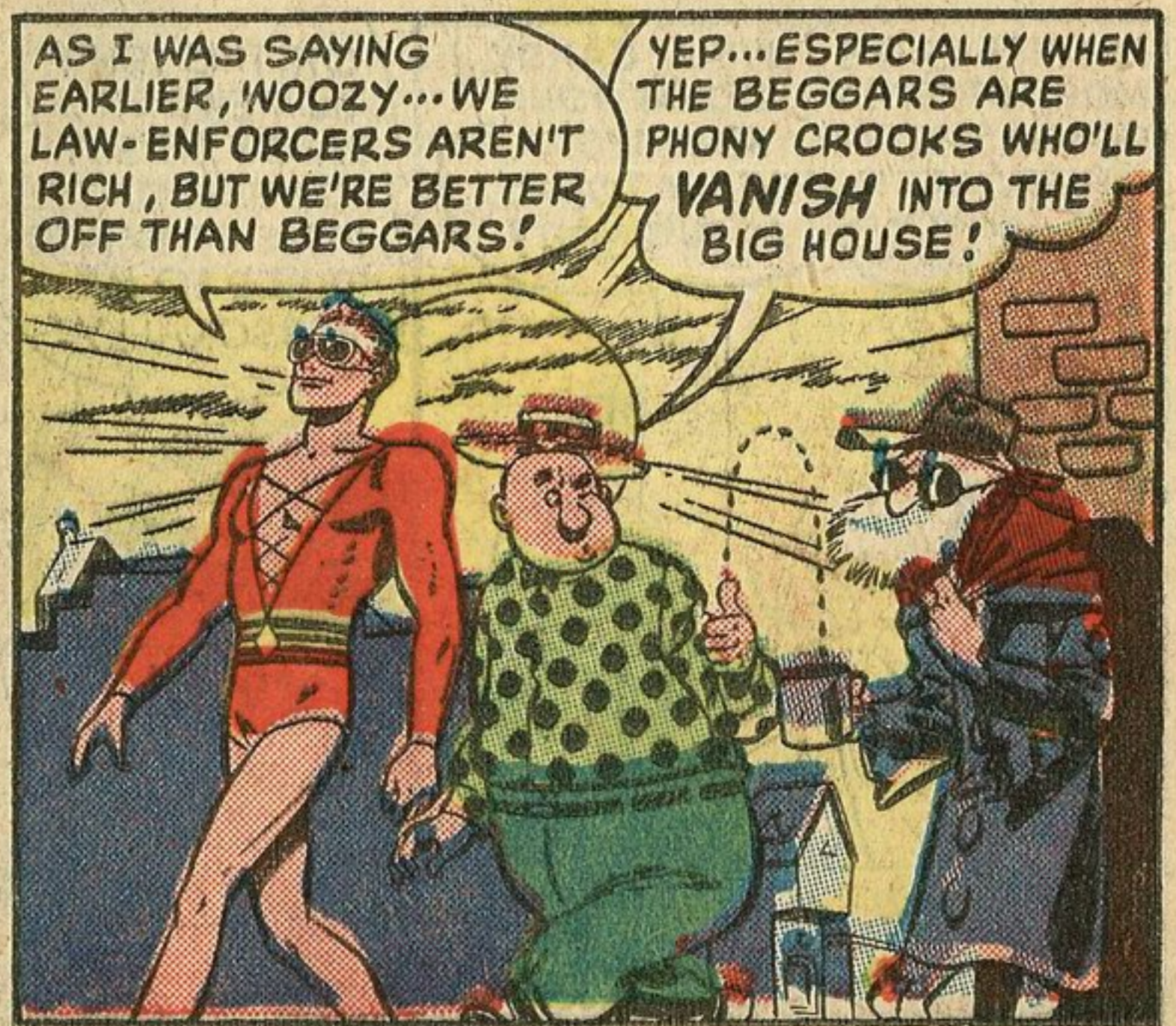
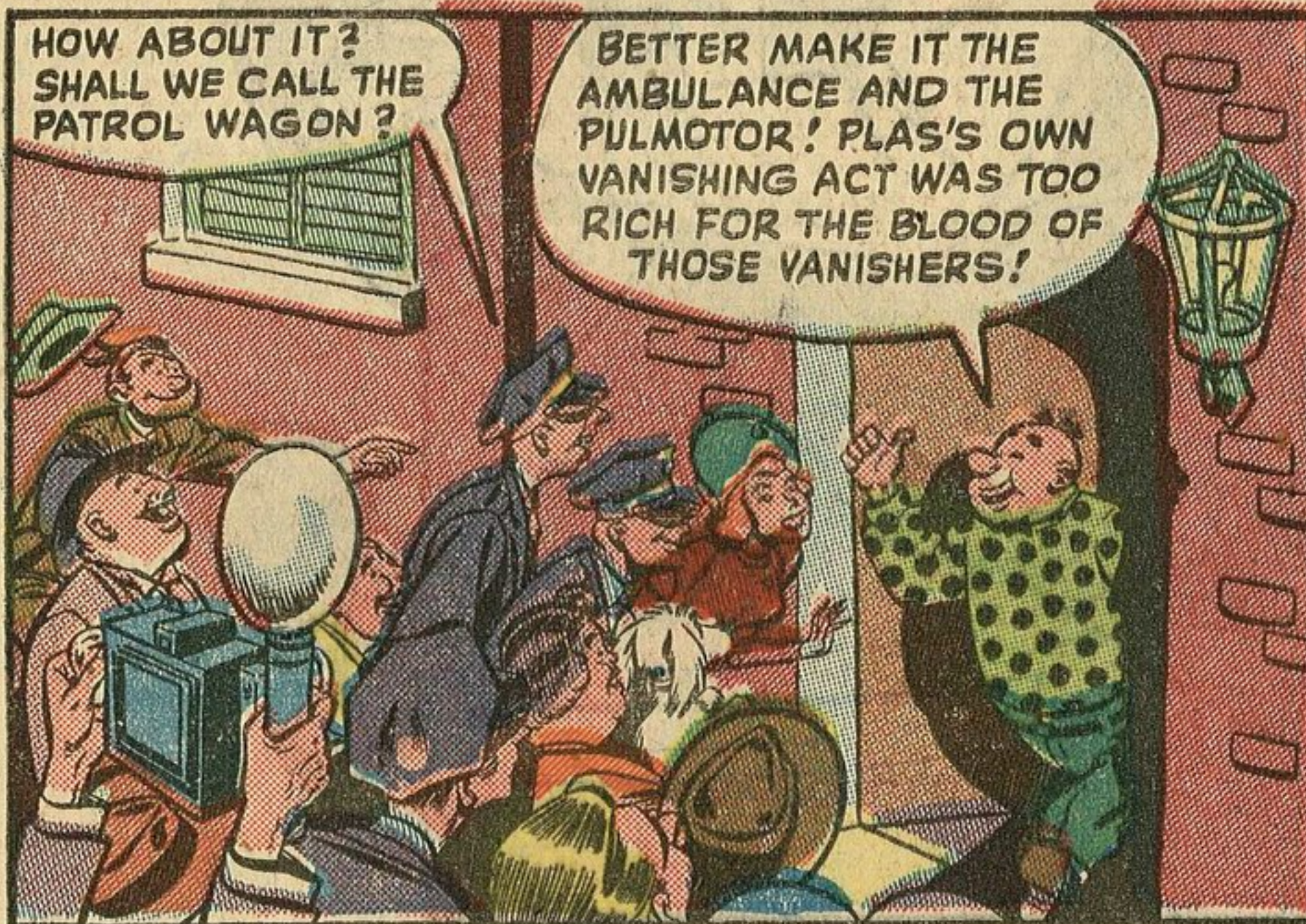
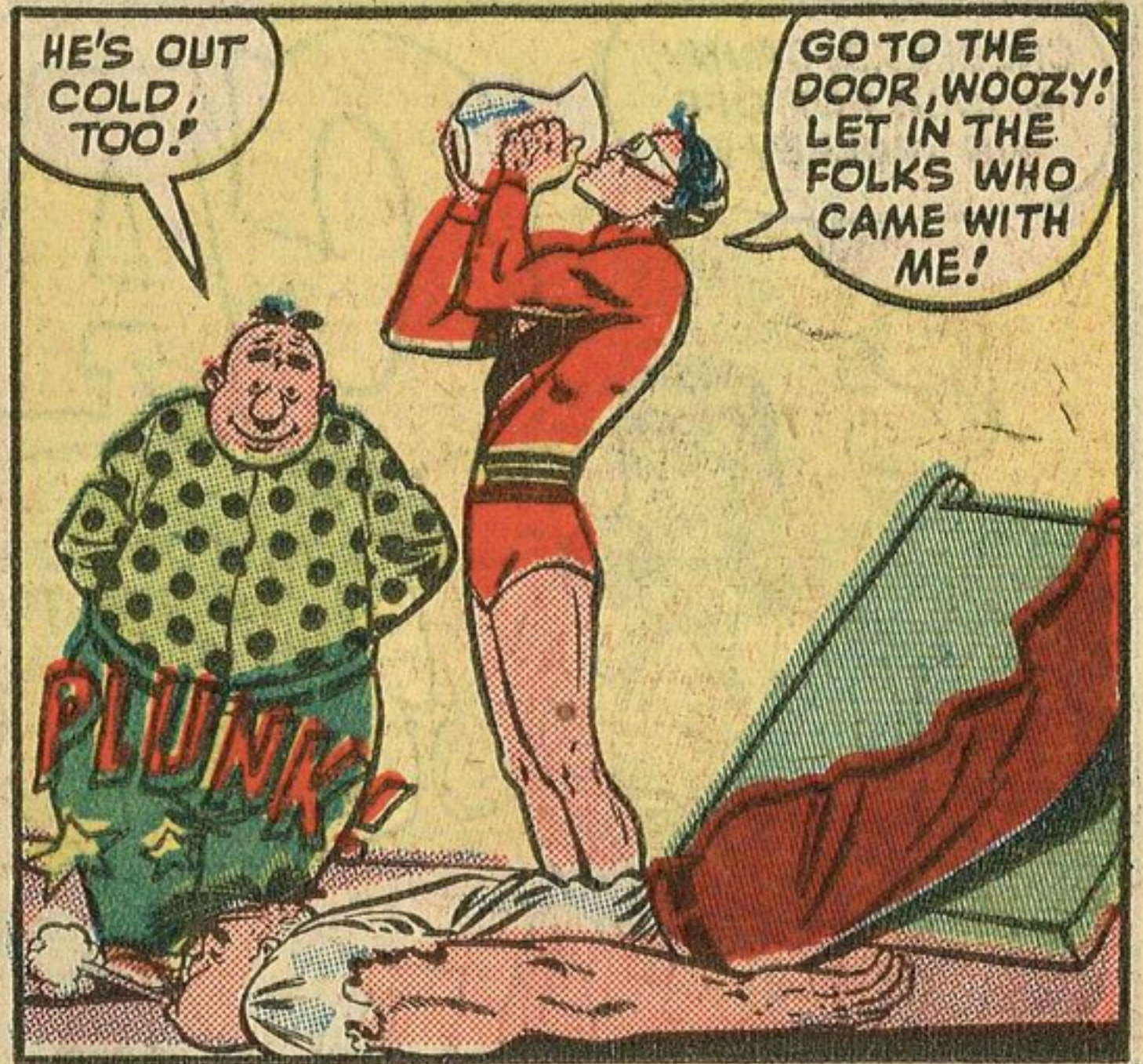
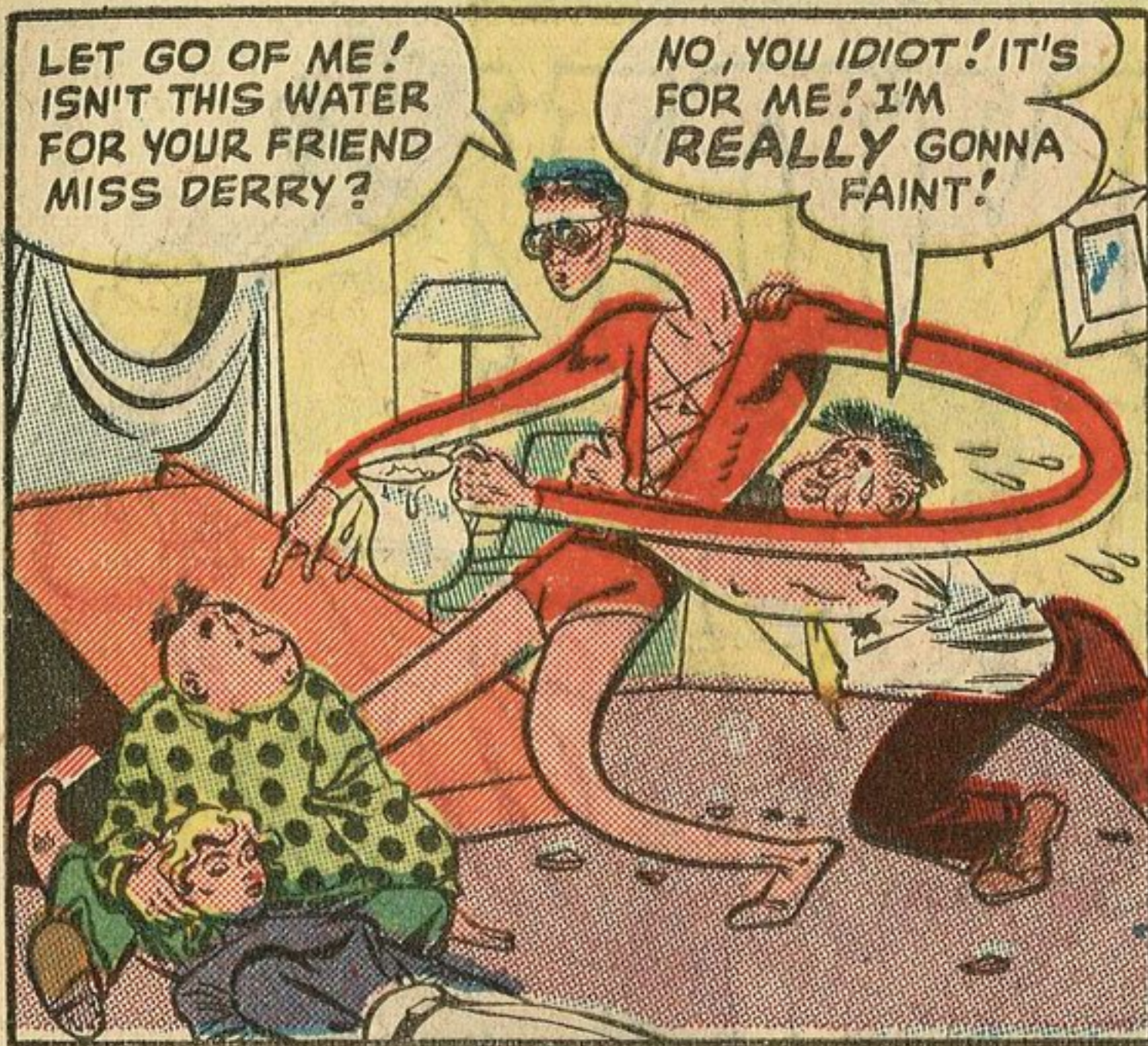


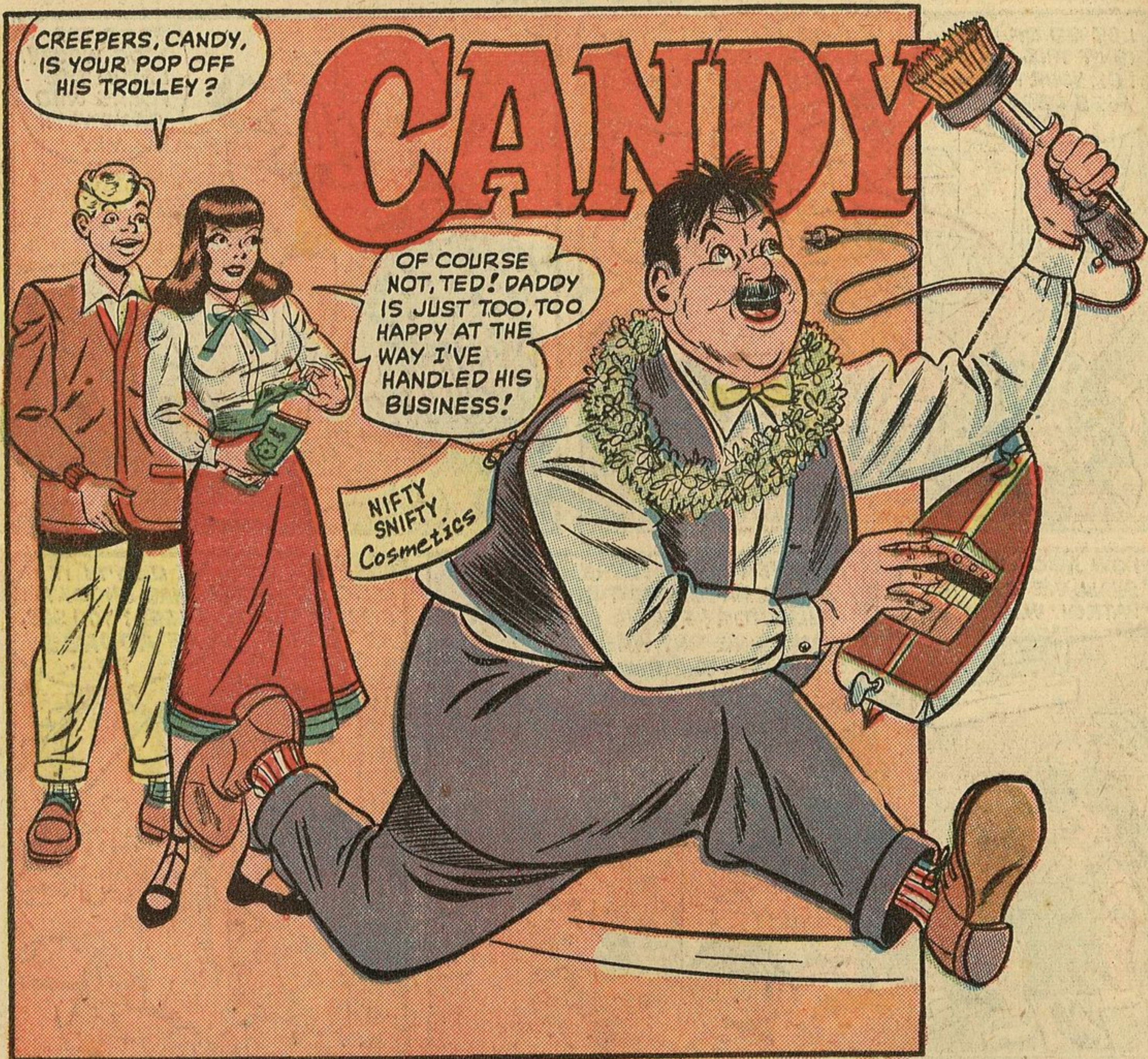
POLICE COMICS











CREEPERS, CANDY,
IS YOUR POP OFF
HIS TROLLEY?

OF COURSE
NOT, TED! DADDY
IS JUST TOO, TOO
HAPPY AT THE
WAY I'VE
HANDLED HIS
BUSINESS!

NIFTY
SNIFTY
Cosmetics

FINANCE IS THE
MOST UTTERLY
COMPLICATED
STUFF! LET'S
SEE... TWO-
FIFTY... TWO-
SIXTY...

WELL, CANDY...
DOING YOUR
HOMEWORK
EARLY TODAY,
AREN'T YOU?

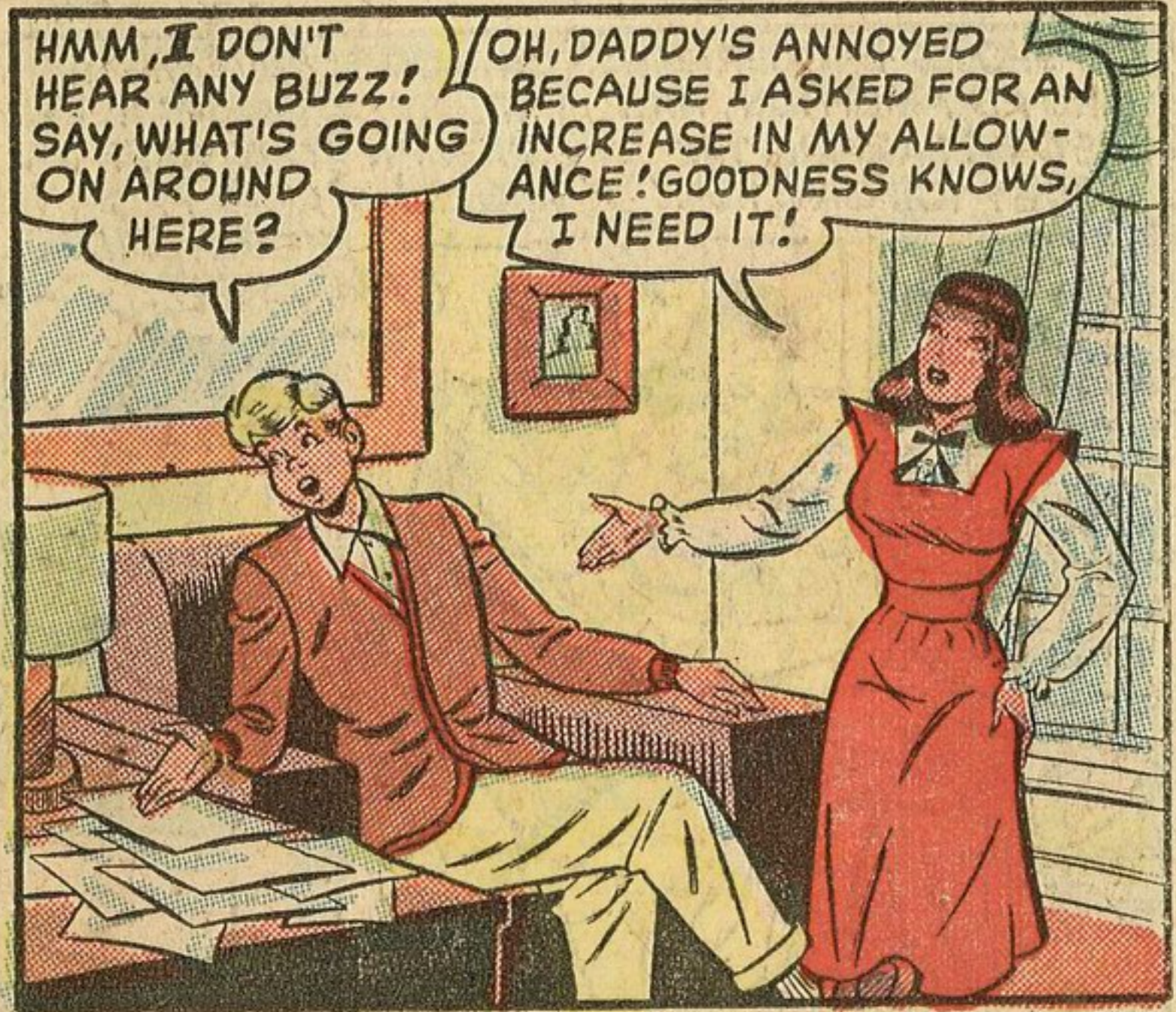
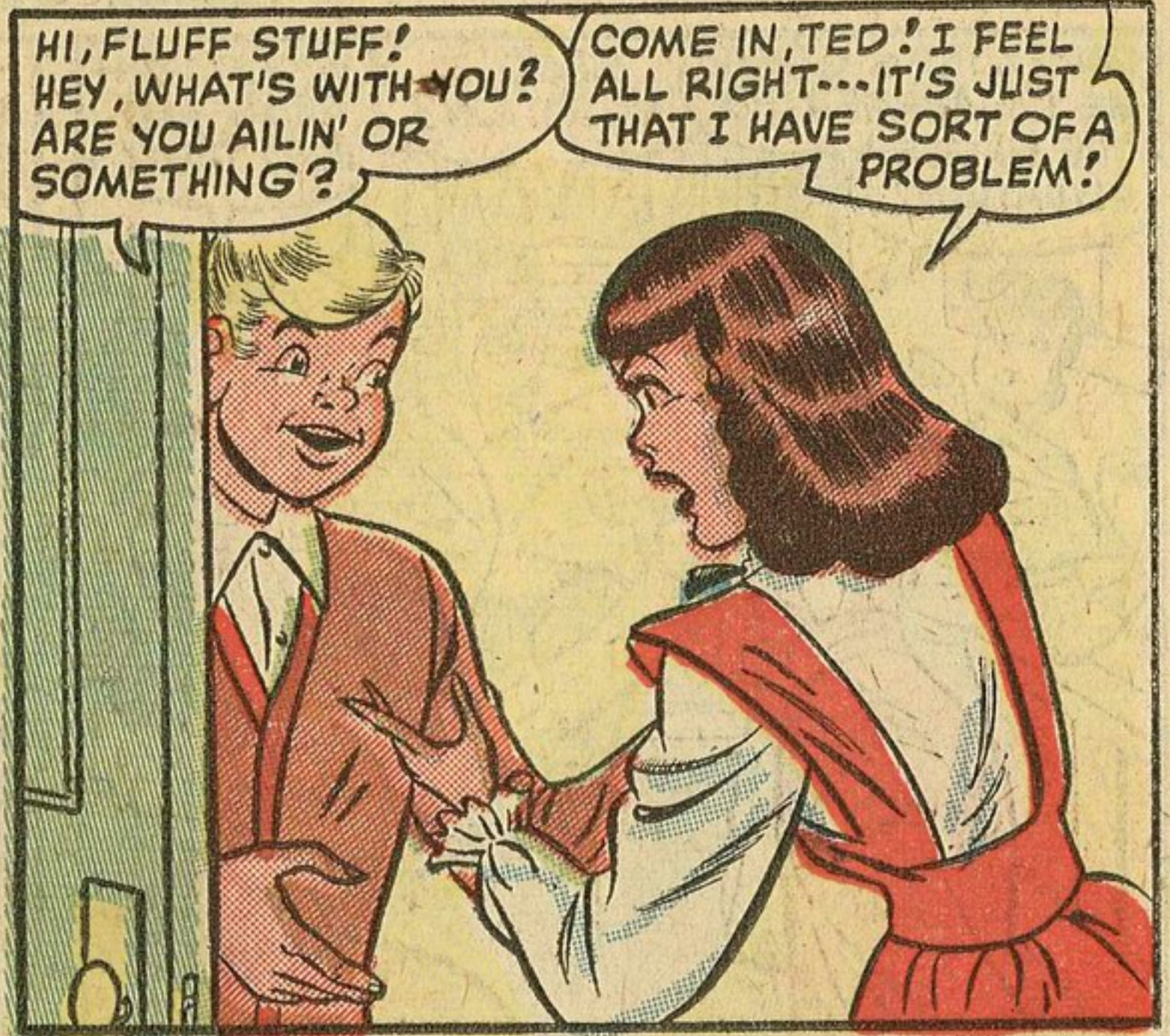
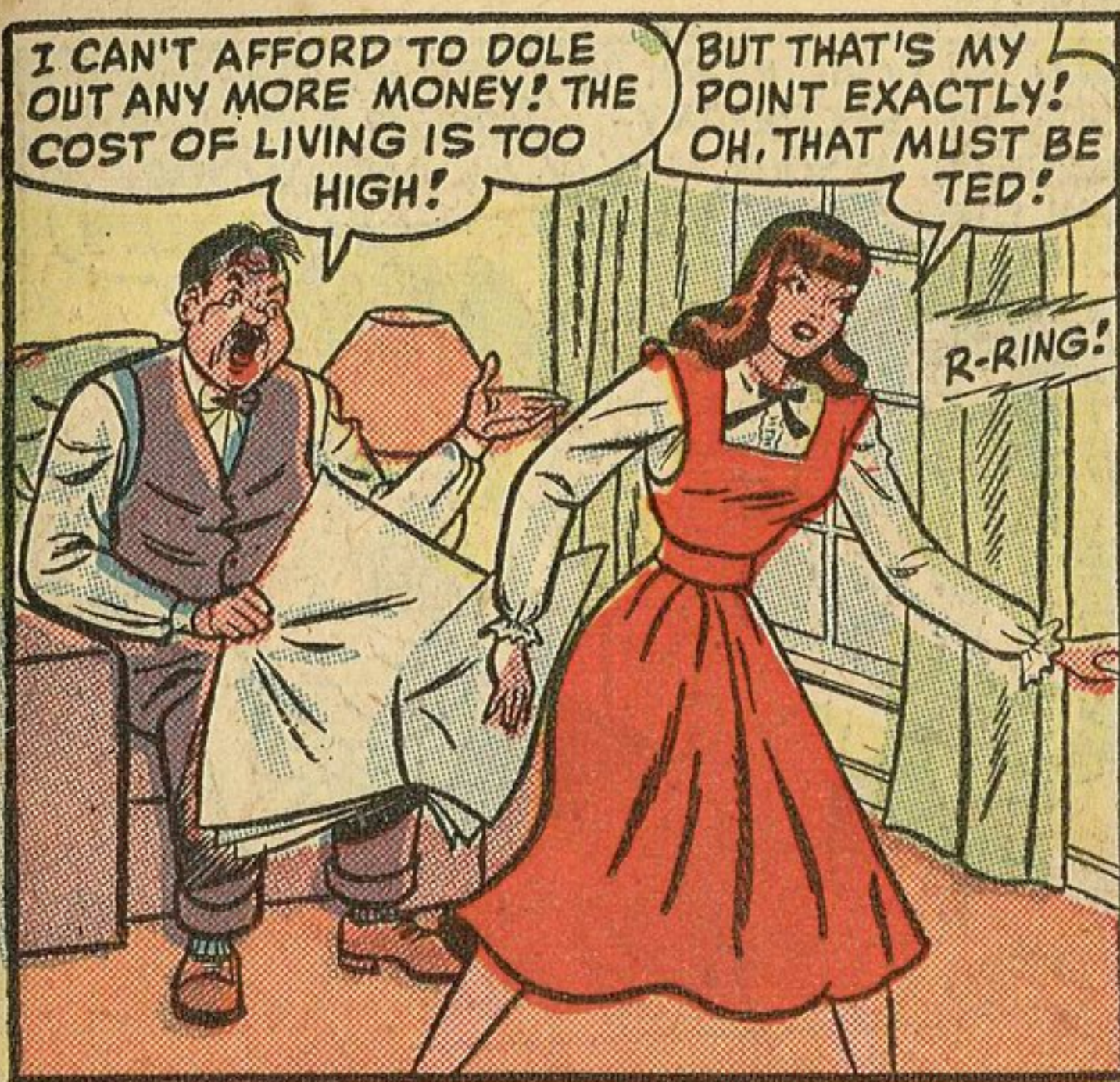
OH, THIS ISN'T
HOMEWORK,
DADDY! IT'S A
MATTER OF THE
UTMOST IMPOR-
TANCE TO ME
PERSONALLY!

HMM, ZAT
SO? WHAT
SEEMS TO
BE YOUR
PROBLEM?

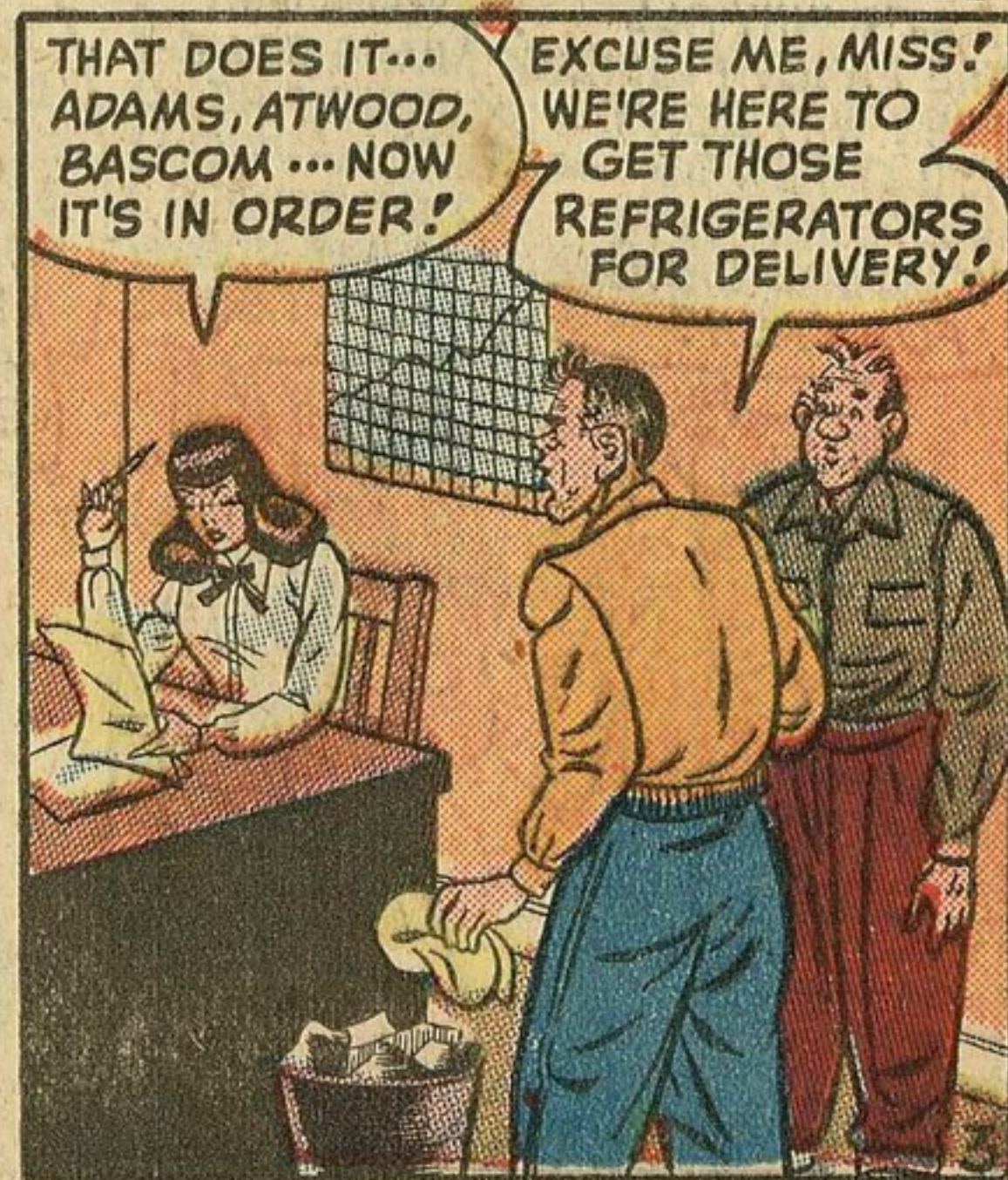
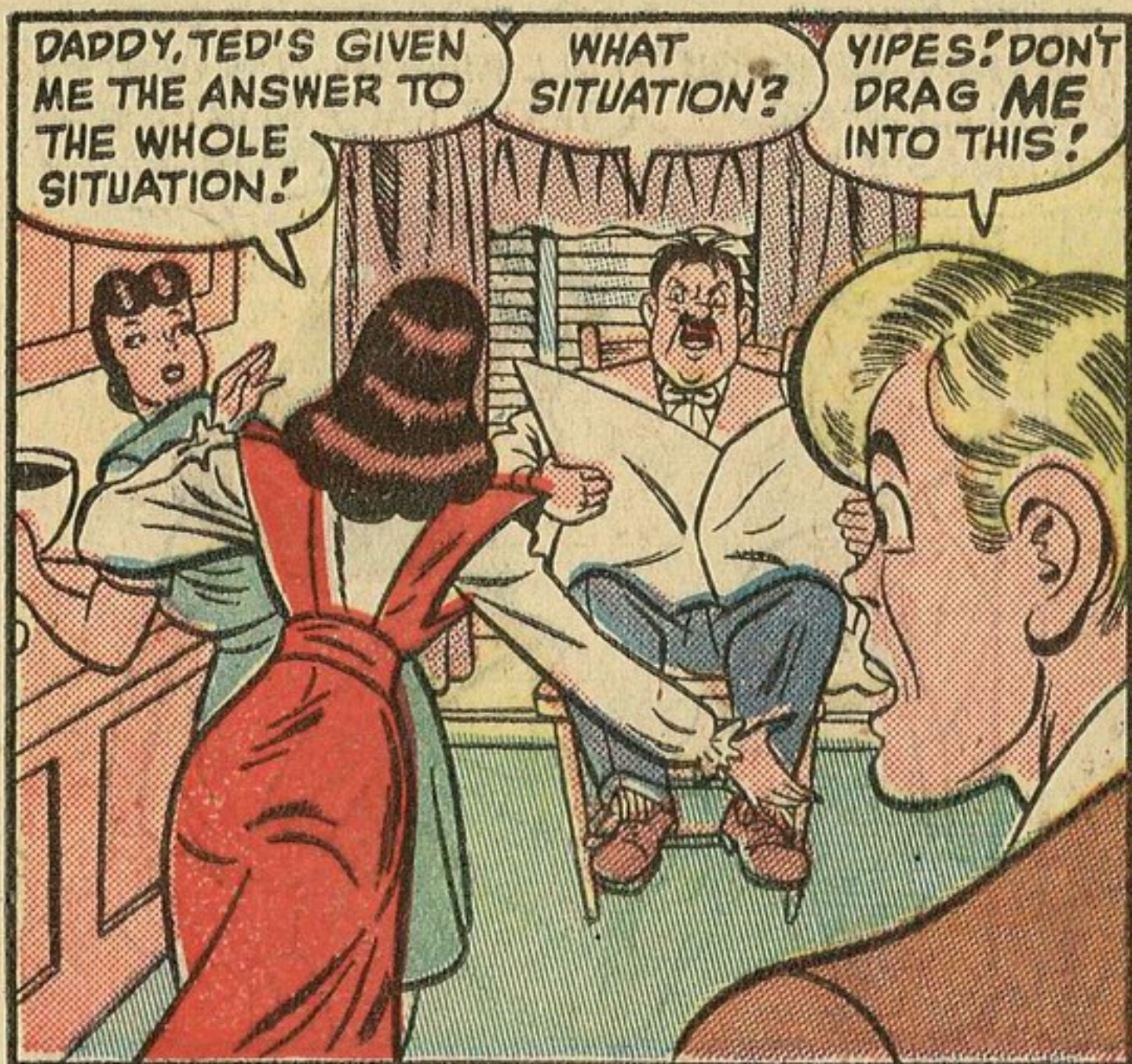
WELL, YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE HIGH
COST OF LIVING...
SO DON'T YOU
THINK IT'S TIME
FOR AN
INCREASE IN
MY ALLOWANCE,
DADDY DAR-
LING?

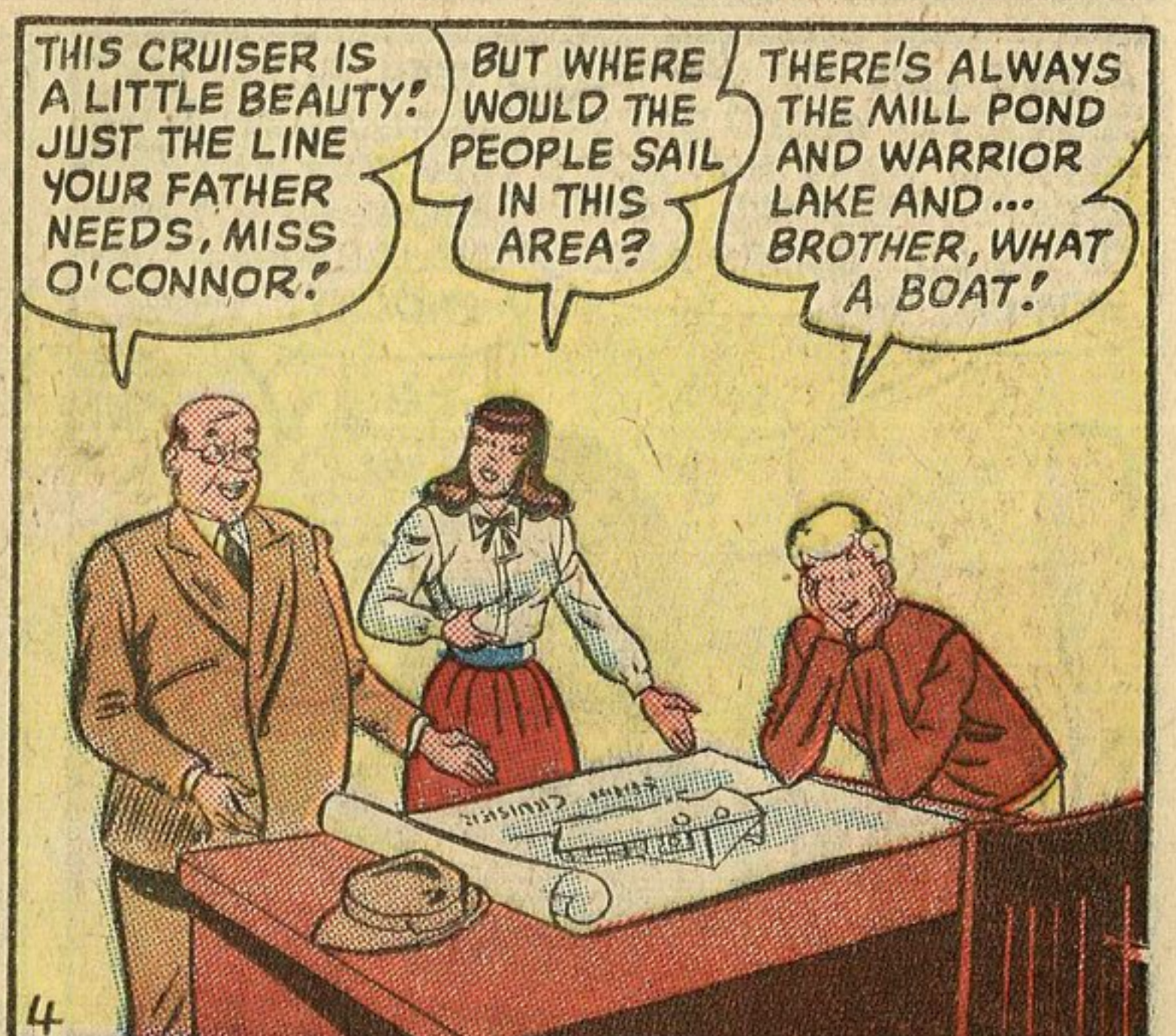
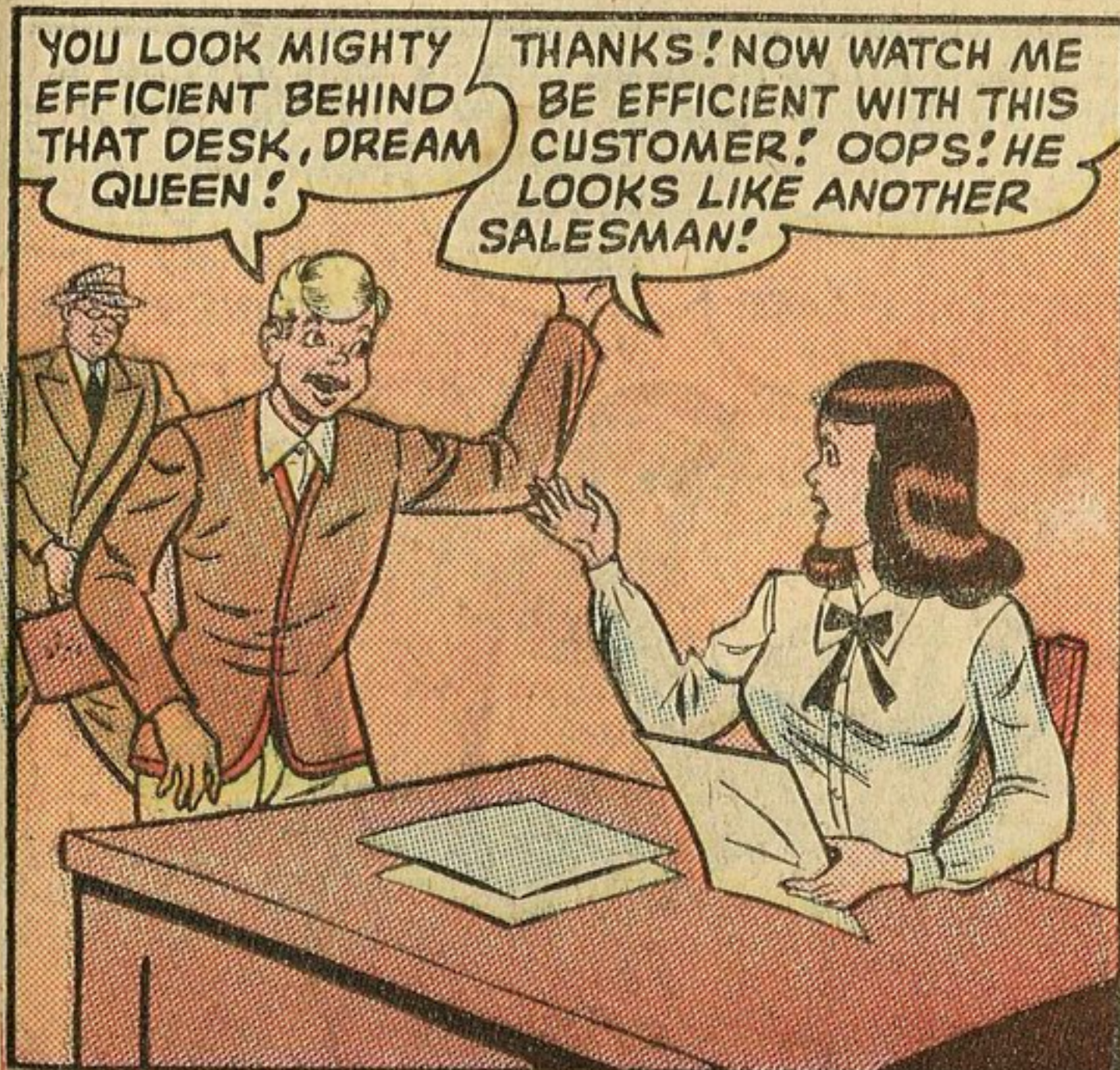
WHAT?
DO YOU
THINK I'M
MADE OF
MONEY? BE-
SIDES, MY
BUSINESS ISN'T
DOING TOO
WELL RIGHT
NOW!



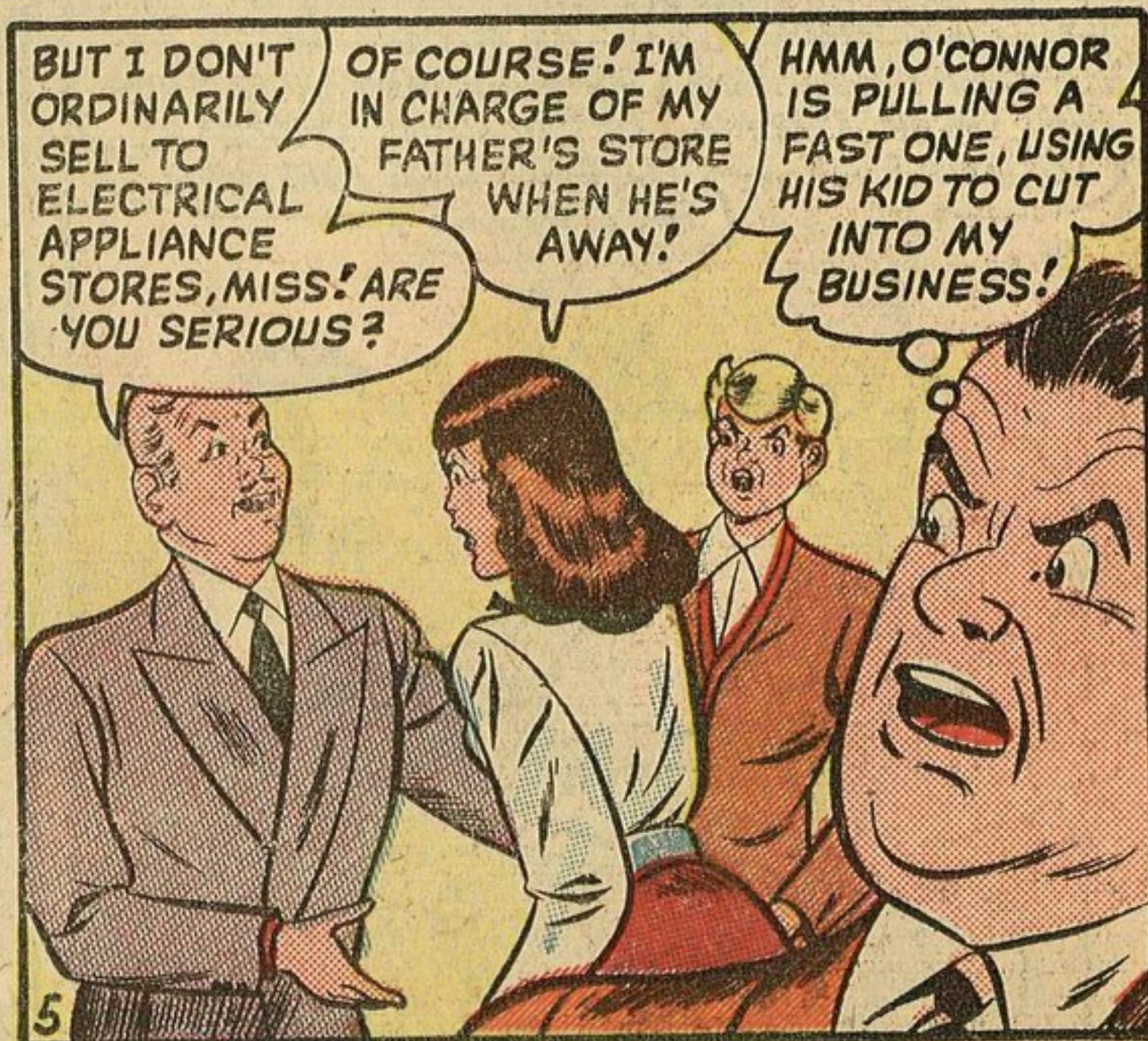
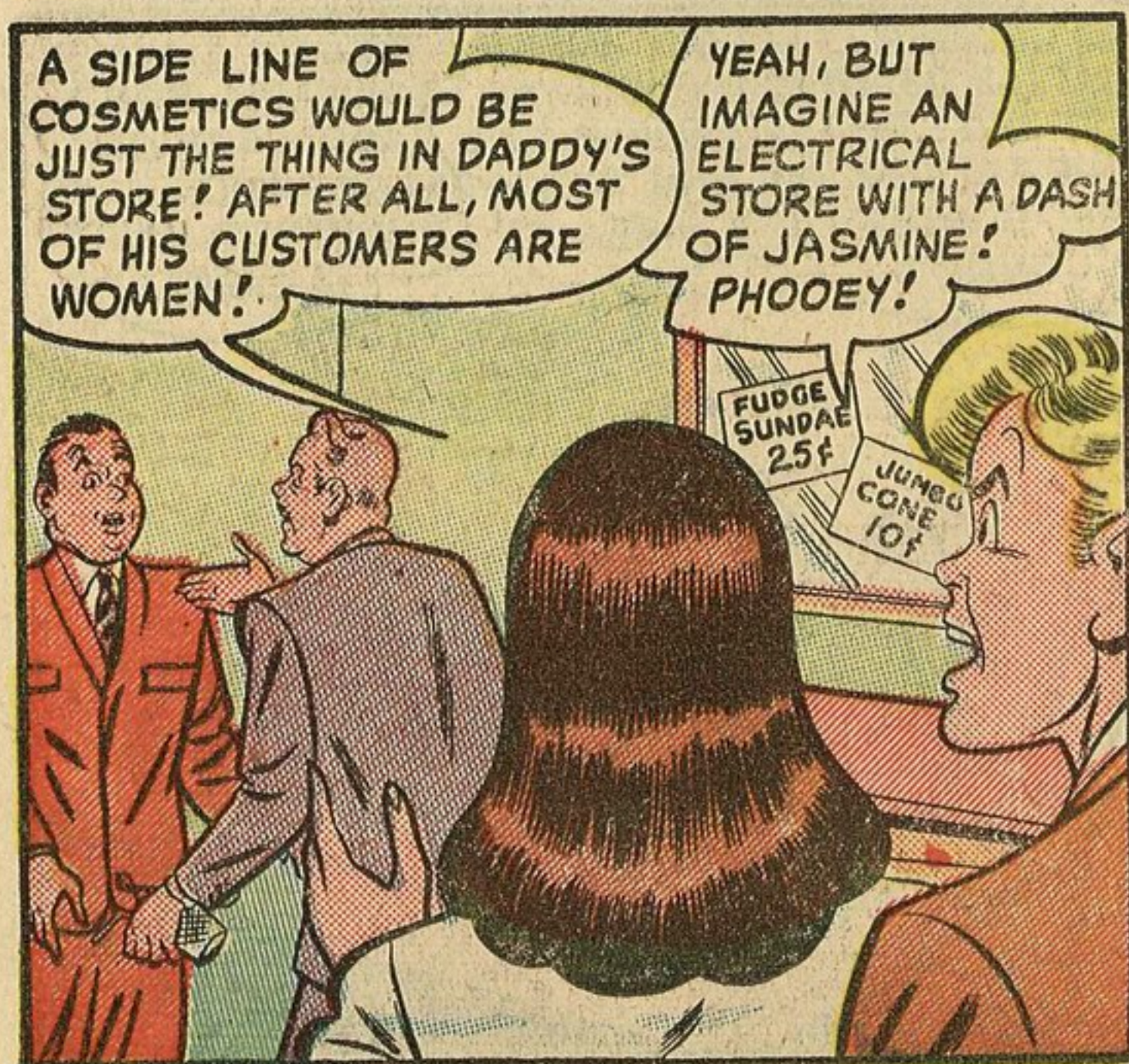


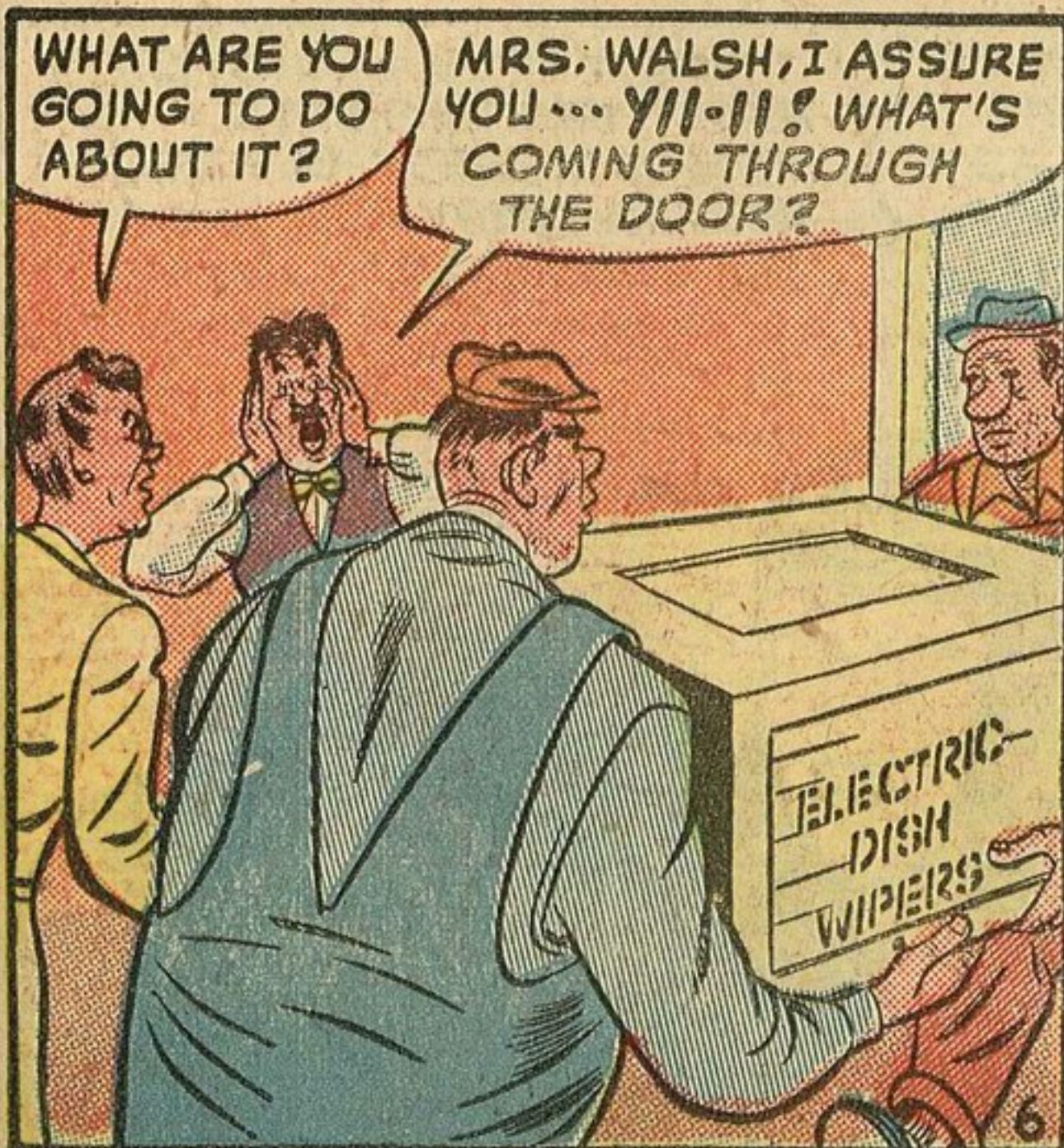
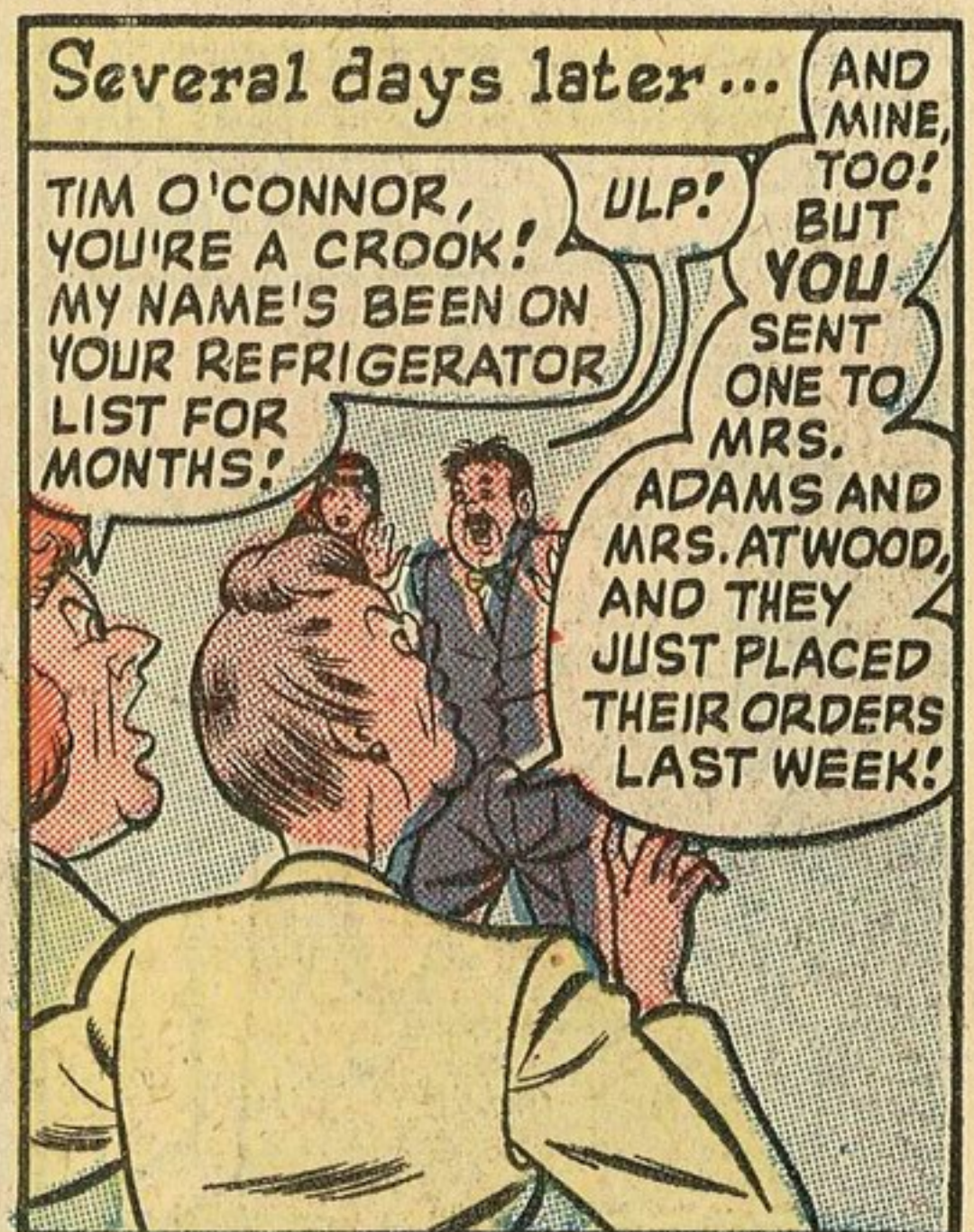
POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS







POOR FISH

THE aquarium building was dark except for one brilliant light shining over a tank in the center of the chamber. In this tank a single colorful fish, hardly a foot long, swam lazily among underwater plants.

"Gee, Plas," Woozy complained, squirming on the hard bench along the aquarium wall, "you get the darndest cases but this one tops them all: nursemaid for a fish."

"This is a very special fish," Plastic Man said, striding over to the tank. "It's a rosy-ogradient. Note the striking red of the body and the vertical gold stripes. Until a trawler netted it last week, scientists thought it had become extinct a million years ago."

Unmollified, Woozy sniffed audibly at the fish. "From where I'm sitting it sure is," he exhaled.

"I still can't see why a couple of famous detectives like us," he continued, "have to be sitters for a fugitive from a fish fry."

"Well, it's this way," Plastic Man pointed out. "Fish experts the world over want to study this rare specimen to gain greater knowledge of evolution."

"And if you read the newspapers you'd know that this fish is worth thousands of dollars," he continued, "and there are several crooks who wouldn't be above kid . . . er . . . fishnapping it and holding it for ransom: Gilbert the Guppy for one."

The sound of approaching footsteps echoed down the hall and presently a bent old man wearing a custodian's cap, limped up. "You gents will have to excuse me," he wheezed, "but I have to test the water in that tank. That's a mighty important fish and I'd lose my job if he died."

"Go right ahead," Plas said pleasantly. "We want him to be in good health until he's taken to the University tomorrow."

The old man walked painfully to the tank. Before he reached it he tripped over the electric extension wire, plunging the room into darkness.

There was a sound of a scuffle, a sharp blow was struck, then the click of retreating footsteps echoed through the aquarium. By the time Plastic Man managed to find the light outlet and connect the plug again, the old man lay dazed

on the floor and the finny tenant of the fish tank was gone.

"Woozy," Plastic Man said, "phone for a doctor in the office down the hall. The attendant is hurt."

The short, chubby man raced down the hall but he was back almost immediately. "Plas, the phone's dead," Woozy said. He looked around in amazement. The custodian was still on the floor, but the fish was back again, swimming lazily in his tank. Plastic Man, however, was nowhere to be seen.

The custodian groaned and opened his eyes. Woozy bent over him, asking, "Where'd Plas go?"

"I don't know," the old man murmured. "Is the fish all right?"

"Sure," Woozy said impatiently, "he must have been hiding in the grass at the bottom of the tank."

"Well, I gotta look after some things in the boiler room," the attendant said, climbing to his feet. "As long as the fish is safe I'll be on my rounds. Guess you'll have to guard it alone, now that your pal's left."

Torn between his desire to look for Plas and his duty to see that no harm befell the valuable fish, Woozy paced the floor nervously.

"Psst," came a hiss. Woozy looked around hopefully but he could see nothing.

"Over here, you dope," a familiar voice called. Woozy's mouth fell open as Plastic Man's head shot up and stared at him. "Don't say anything," the rubbery one cautioned. "I don't want the custodian to hear. I think he rigged that light up that way so he could kick it out and let his partner try to steal the rosy-ogradient. If he comes back, let him take the fish."

"O.K.," Plas," Woozy said, as his friend's head snapped out of sight. "This is the easiest job I ever had."

"What do you mean, the fish is still in the tank?" a small hatchet-faced man snarled, as the attendant met him in the boiler-room. "I have it in my special rubber-lined pocket."

"Then there must be two of them, Gilbert," the custodian said nervously. "If you hadn't socked me so hard I could have noticed," he whined, rubbing a lump on his head.

POLICE COMICS

"We had to make it look real," Gilbert said sharply.

"This one fish won't bring any ransom at all if they have another one," he said. "We'll have to snatch the other one too. Who's upstairs?"

"Only Plastic Man's dopey partner," the old man replied. "We shouldn't have any trouble with him. I guess the flexible snōop ran to blab everything to the FBI about the robbery."

"We'll have to work fast," Gilbert said. "You get upstairs and grab the other fish and meet me at the hideout. I have to get this fish into water there before he croaks."

"All right," the custodian wheezed. "Give me your gun."

Woozy looked up solemnly as the old attendant limped into the tank room. He had a small bucket in one hand and the other held a pistol.

"What are you doing?" Woozy asked, his eyes widening.

"I'm taking this other specimen of rosy-ogradient," the attendant rasped, "and if you try to stop me, I'll blast you."

"Go ahead," Woozy said. "I didn't like the way he stared at me anyway."

"Wise guy," the custodian muttered, as he took a dip net from a wall rack. "When your friend comes back tell him he can get both fishes back for ten thousand dollars."

The old man slipped the net into the water and made a pass at the fish. As the net approached, the red fish darted playfully around the tank, swimming just out of reach of the mesh.

After a considerable chase the fish apparently gave up and lay limply in the net. The custodian lifted it triumphantly and popped it into the bucket.

He set the bucket down carefully, then motioned Woozy down the hall into a broom closet, which he locked. "That'll keep you until I can get away," he panted.

Taking the bucket with the fish inside, he left the aquarium, climbed into his battered car and drove off.

"That's more like it," Gilbert the Guppy said in satisfaction, when the old attendant arrived at the hideout. "Now we're all set to collect ransom on these two babies." He watched happily as the attendant flipped the second fish into the tank in the hideout.

The two fish swam frantically about the tank for a few minutes, then settled down to eying each other suspiciously.

"It's funny," the old man wheezed, "that the

papers only mentioned one fish, when there are really two fishes."

"You're a dope," Gilbert sneered. "You don't know nothing about grammar. One fish is a fish and two fishes is still called fish. You gotta know thing like that if you want to be a smart operator."

The first thing we'll do," Gilbert continued, "is to write the ransom notes to the University so they can start scraping the dough together. Those guys will pay anything to get these fish back."

"Say," he said, turning on the old man, "what are you staring at?"

"Look," his partner said, motioning weakly toward the aquarium tank.

Gilbert the Guppy's prominent eyes bulged out farther as he, too, stared at the tank. One fish was swimming madly about, while the other had started to swell until it took up most of the space.

It soon lost all semblance of a fish. Now a bulging, doomed head roared out of the water, supported by eight flexible tentacles.

"It's turned into an octopus," Gilbert shrieked, "and it's reaching for us."

The two frightened men simultaneously dashed for the door but a rubbery arm shot past them and slammed it shut. At the same moment two more tentacles wrapped themselves about the men, pinioning them tightly.

"It's going to strangle us," Gilbert sobbed.

"Oh no," the octopus said, climbing from the tank, "I'm taking you to the FBI to face charges of stealing government property."

A swirl of red and gold and the octopus, or what had passed for an octopus, twisted and flowed into a new form.

"It's Plastic Man," Gilbert the Guppy gulped. "I shoulda known."

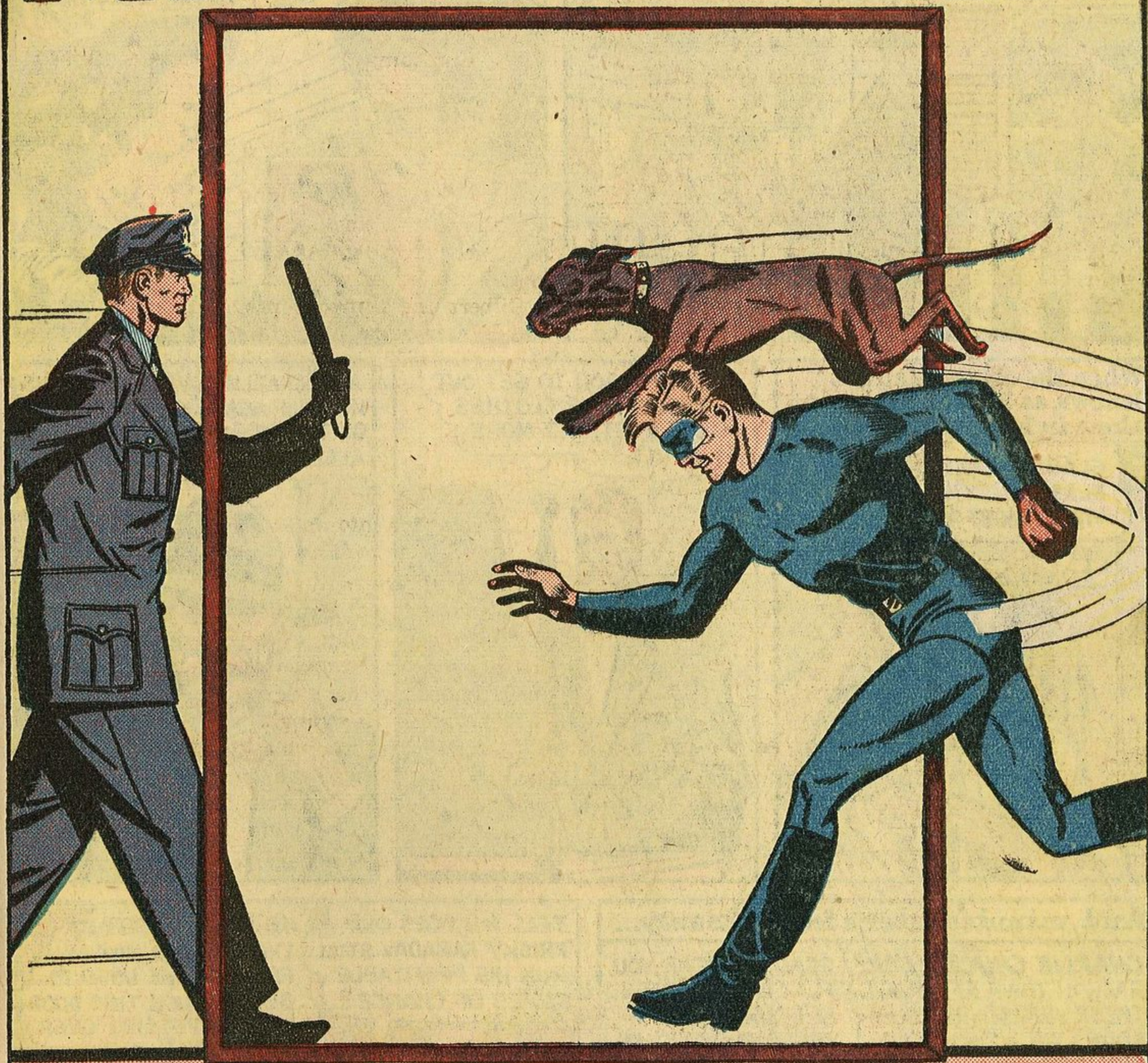
"Gee, Plas," Woozy said gratefully, when the flexible foe of crime opened the door to the closet in the aquarium a few minutes later, "I thought you'd never get back to let me out of the closet. You got the crooks all right without my help?"

"Yes, Woozy," Plas said, grinning, "I managed to struggle along without your able assistance. I don't know what the penalty for fishnapping is, but with Gilbert's record it might be life."

"You coulda knocked me over with an anvil," Woozy said, "when I saw you in that fish tank swimming around like a real fish."

"Yes," Plas answered, "they took me for a poor fish but it turned out that they were the suckers."

MANHUNTER



A lightning change expert...with **THUNDERBOLTS FOR FISTS!** When Officer Dan Richards goes off duty, he becomes the masked mystery sleuth known only as **MANHUNTER!** Accompanied by faithful, daredevil Thor, his four-footed ally, Manhunter solves a riddle involving disguise, deception...and **DEATH!**

A fine afternoon on the beat of Patrolman Dan Richards...

HELLO, UNCLE CHARLIE! HOW'S TRICKS?

SURE, 'TIS THAT NICE POLICE LAD PASSIN' THE TIME O' DAY WID ME NEW BOARDER, OLD MR. CHARLES! GOOD MEN, THE BOTH OF 'EM!

MR. CHARLES SEEMS A FINE OLD GENT, MRS. KERRY! WHERE DID HE COME FROM AND WHAT WAS HE IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS?

BEGOB, AND THAT I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE'S QUIET, COURTEOUS, PAYS HIS ROOM RENT --- AND STAYS OUT PRETTY LATE FOR A RETIRED BUSINESS-MAN!

When the old gentleman known as Uncle Charlie is alone in his room...

GLAD TO TAKE OFF THESE GLASSES...THEY DIM MY VISION MOST MADDENINGLY!

AND IT'S GOOD TO GET OUT OF THOSE RUDE CLOTHES INTO SOMETHING MORE MY STYLE!

AHA! CHARLIE CHUCKALUCK IS HIMSELF AGAIN! NOW TO SLIP OUT OF THE SIDE DOOR...DOWN THE ALLEY INTO THE NEXT STREET...

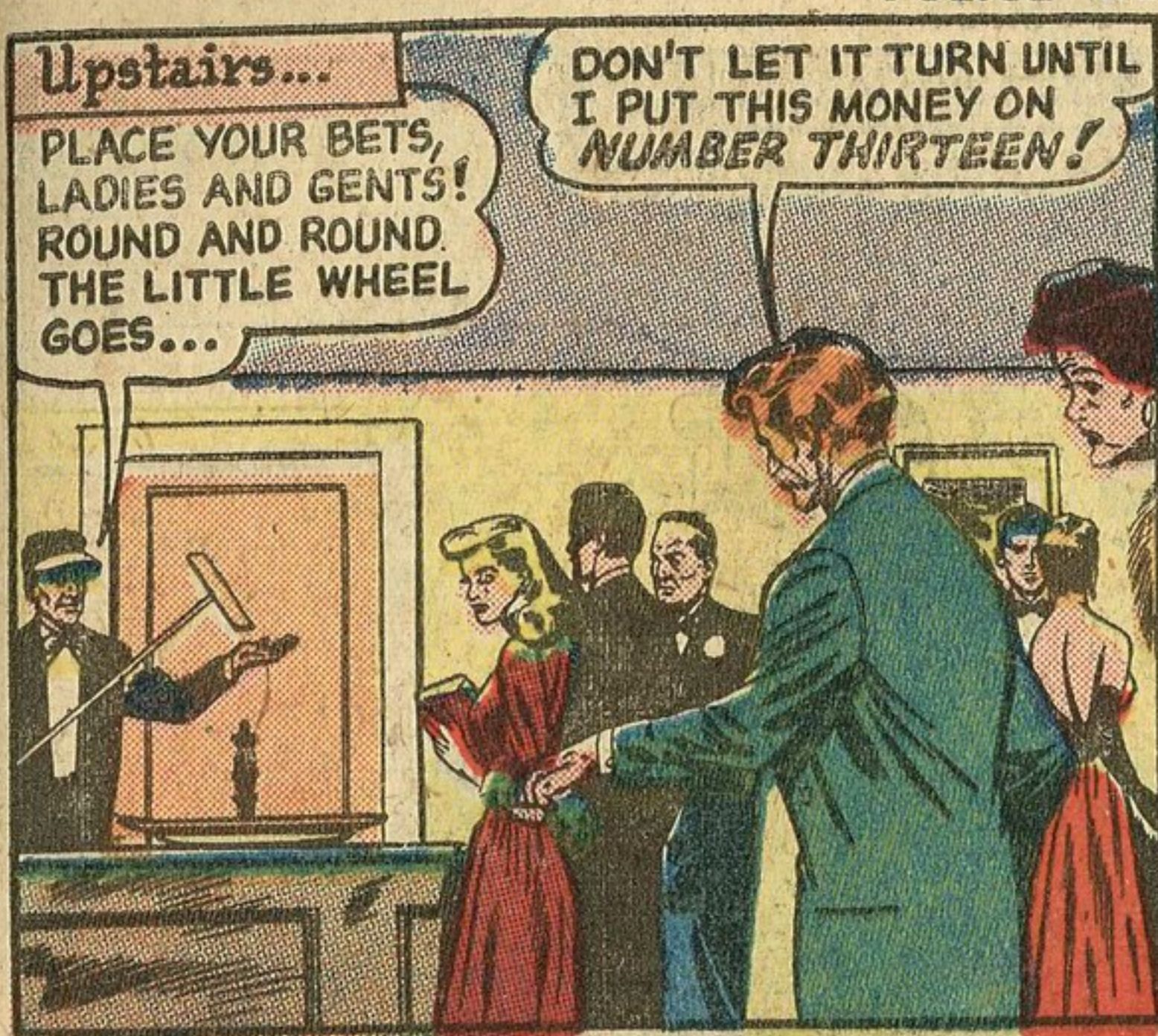
And, minutes later, a few blocks away...

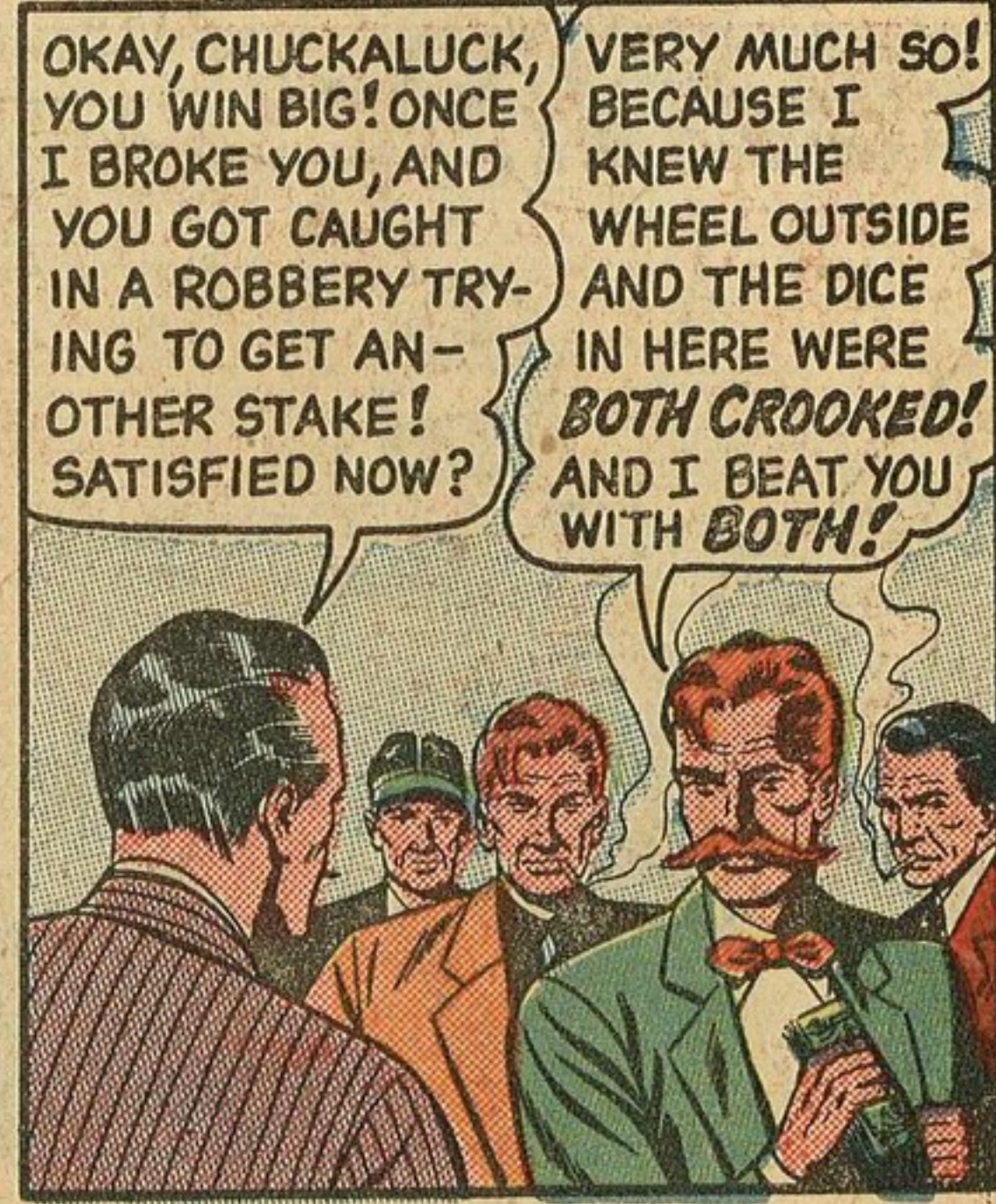
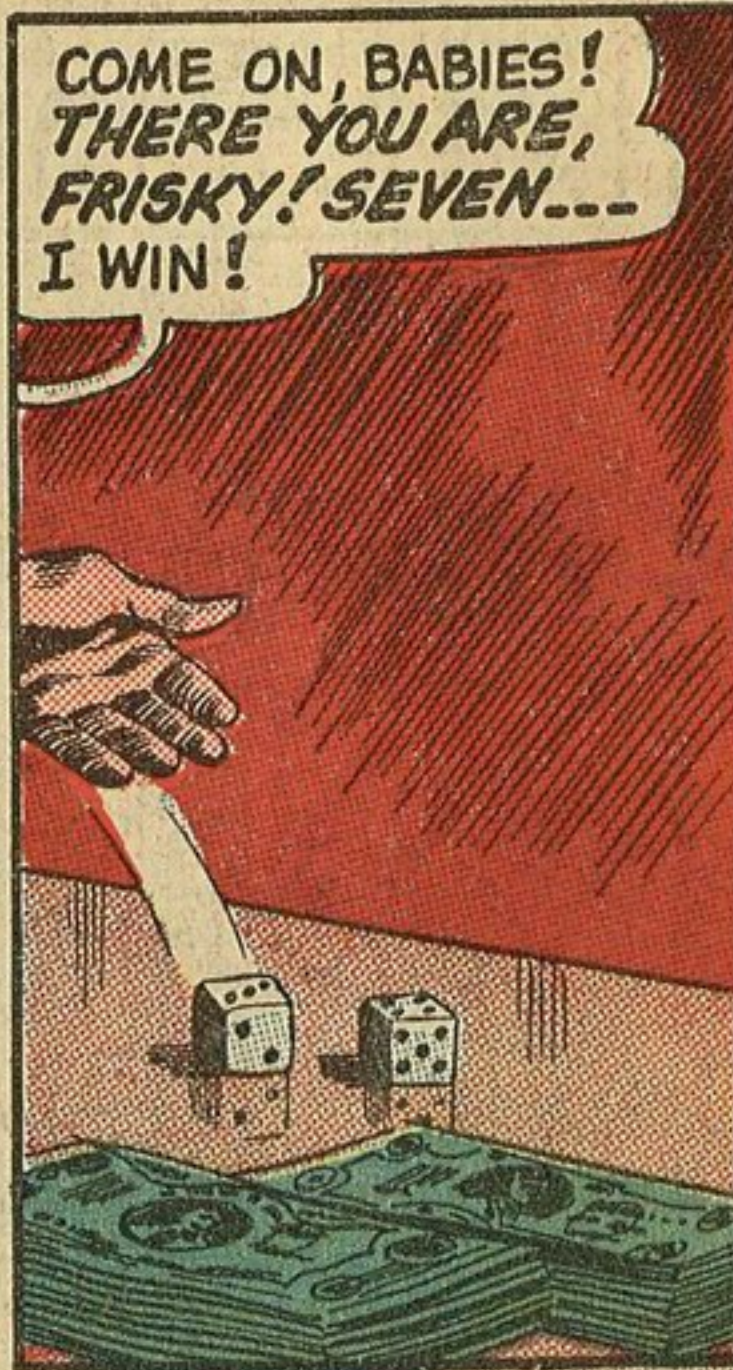
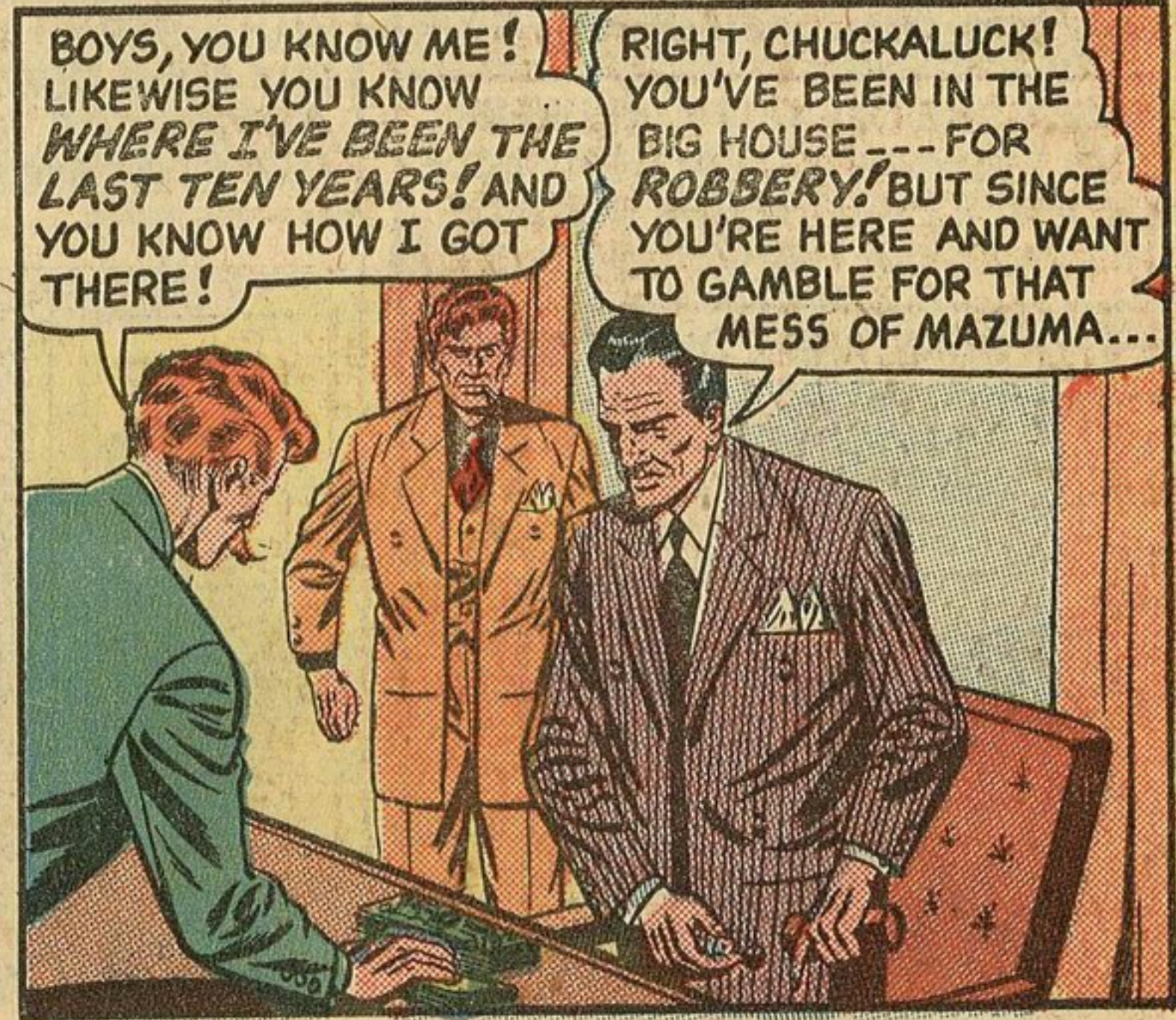
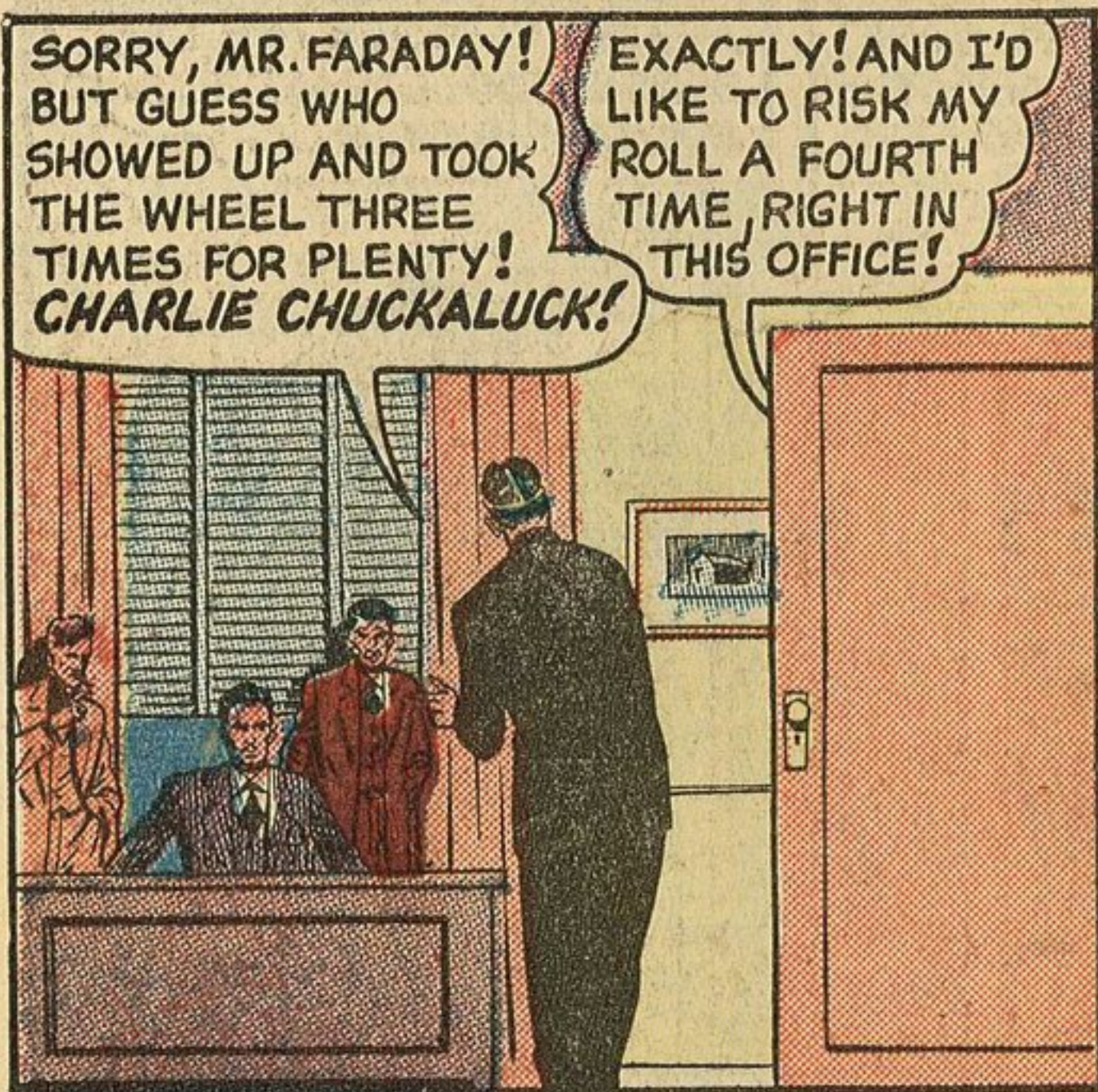
CHARLIE CHUCKALUCK! BACK IN TOWN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHY, YOU LOOK LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD!

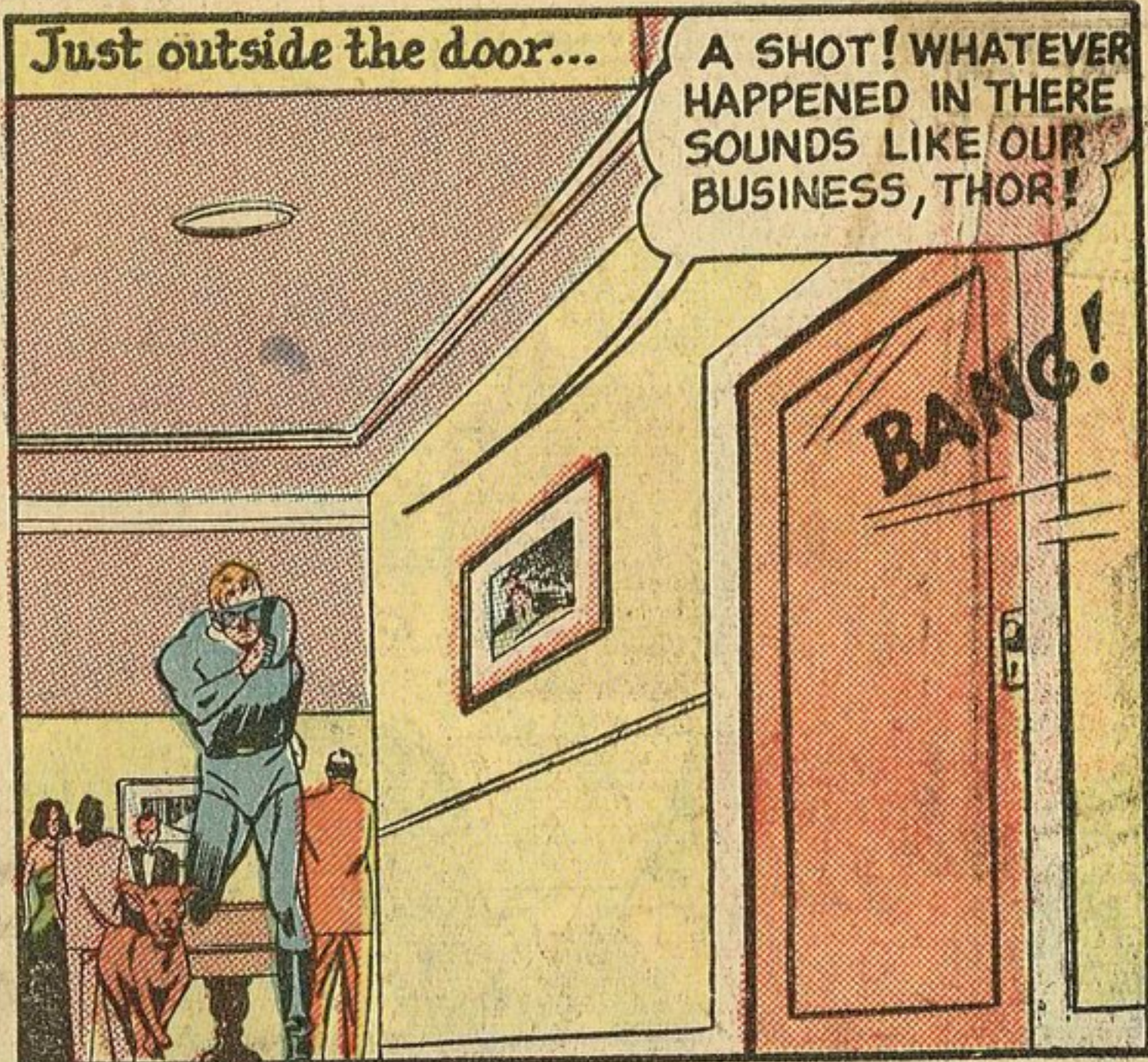
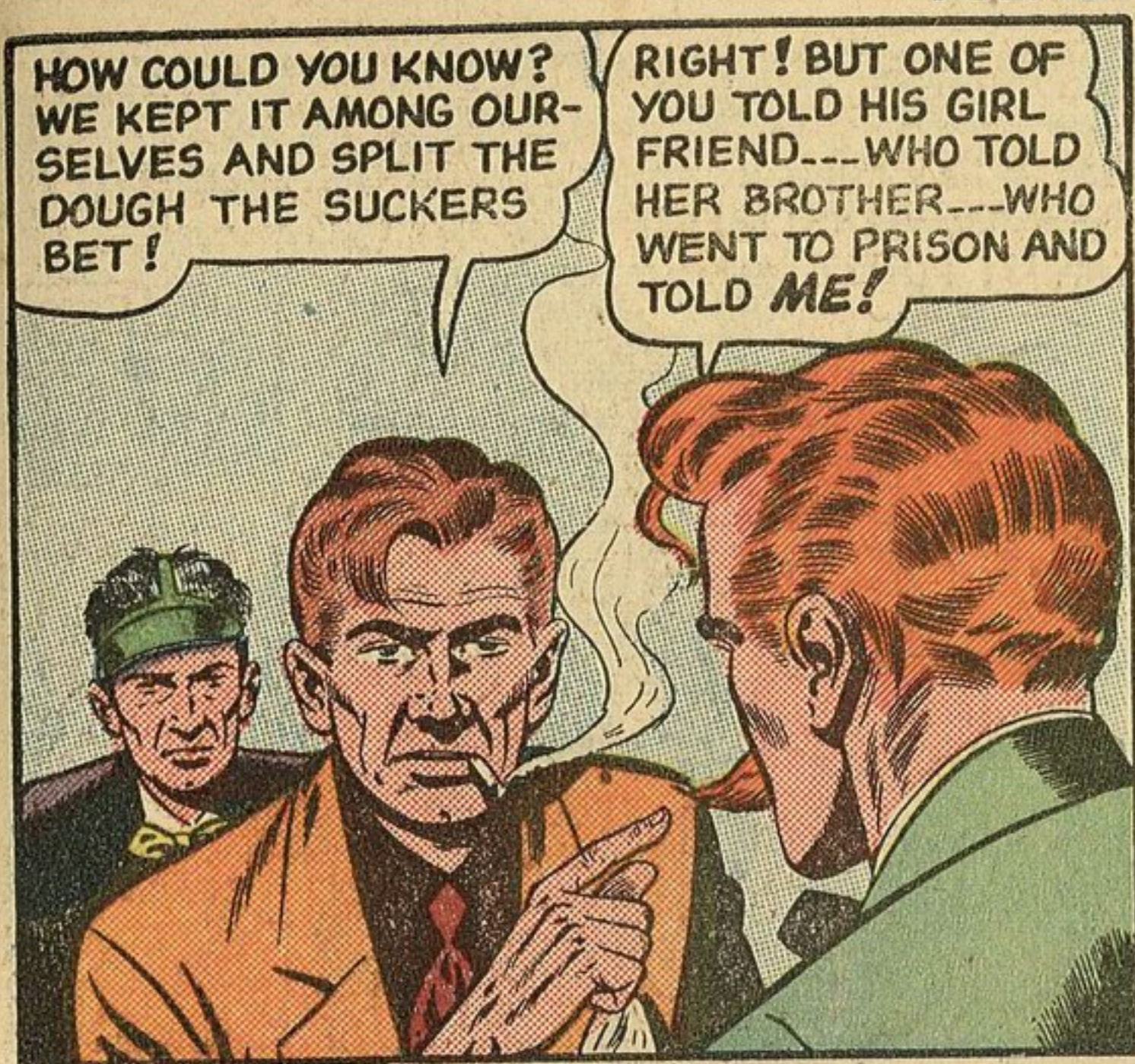
EGAD, MY DEAR, YOU FLATTER ME! I FEEL AT LEAST *TWENTY* YEARS OLDER THAN THAT!

TELL ME, DOES OLD FRISKY FARADAY STILL RUN HIS PROFITABLE GAMES OF CHANCE?

HE DOES INDEED, THOUGH HE'S NOT AS FRISKY AS HE USED TO BE! THROUGH THIS DOORWAY...UPSTAIRS OVER THE CAFE!







Next day, when Manhunter is again on duty as Officer Dan Richards...



THE TOP OF THE MORNIN', OFFICER RICHARDS... AIN'T IT WONDERFUL ABOUT MR. CHARLES... YOUR UNCLE CHARLIE?

I JUST CALL HIM UNCLE BECAUSE HE LOOKS LIKE THE IDEAL UNCLE TYPE! WHAT'S HE UP TO?

SURE, AND DIDN'T HE CONTRIBUTE **THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS** TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD BETTERMENT FUND?

SO THAT'S IT! I'LL DROP IN AND CONGRATULATE HIM!

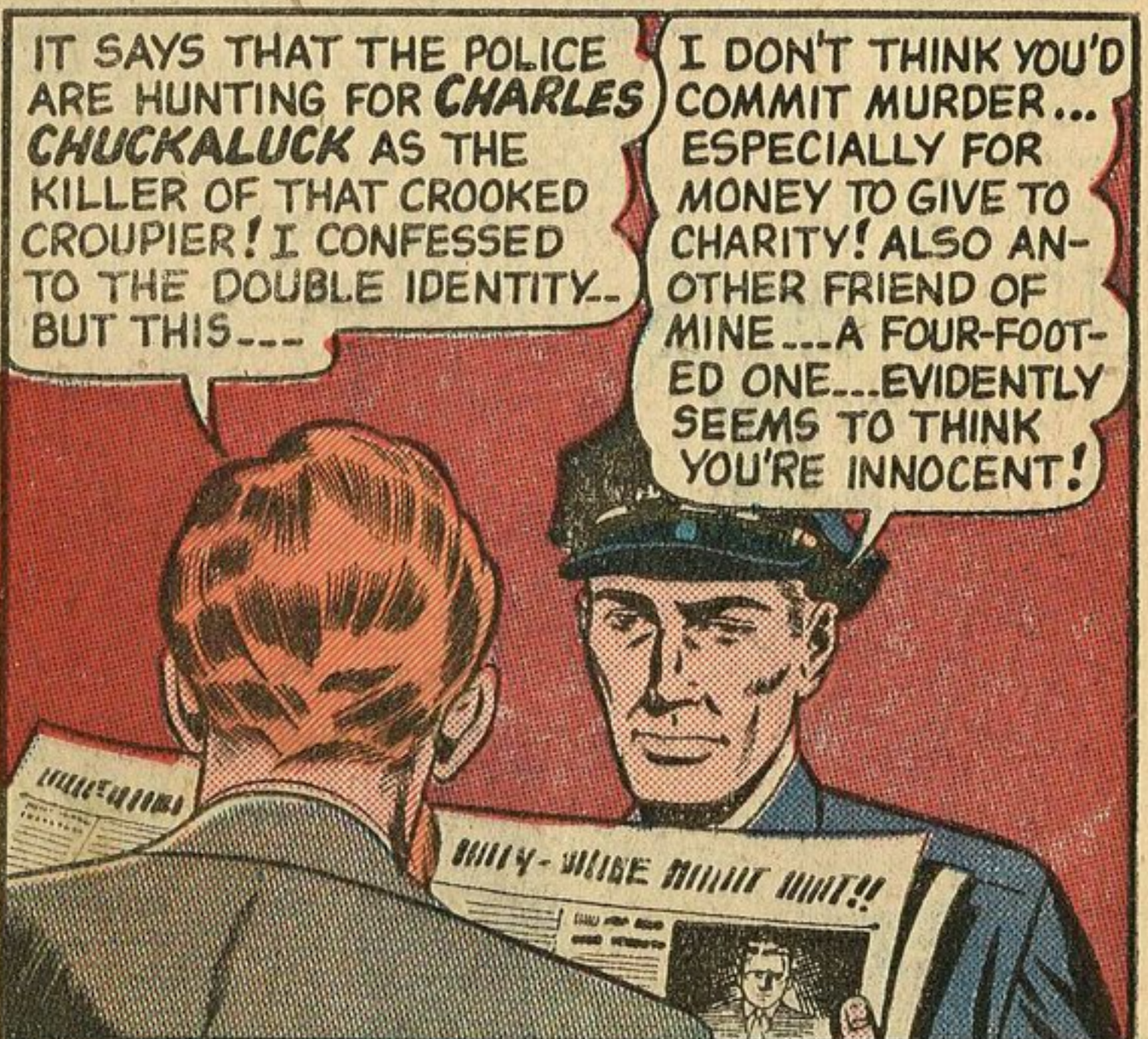


Officer Richards speaks quietly to Mr. Charles for a few minutes... then...



I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DENY IT ANY LONGER, YOUNG MAN! I'M REALLY CHARLIE CHUCKALUCK... BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS?

BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO KNOW A **LITTLE** ABOUT **SOMEONE ELSE** WHO SOMETIMES OPERATES IN DISGUISE! HAVE YOU SEEN THE MORNING PAPERS?



IT SAYS THAT THE POLICE ARE HUNTING FOR **CHARLES CHUCKALUCK** AS THE KILLER OF THAT CROOKED CROUPIER! I CONFESSED TO THE DOUBLE IDENTITY... BUT THIS---

I DON'T THINK YOU'D COMMIT MURDER... ESPECIALLY FOR MONEY TO GIVE TO CHARITY! ALSO ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE... A FOUR-FOOTED ONE... EVIDENTLY SEEMS TO THINK YOU'RE INNOCENT!

Moments later, as Charlie finishes his story...

... AND THAT'S WHY THE CROUPIER WAS KILLED! THEY PUSHED ME OUT THE WINDOW BEFORE IT HAPPENED, SO ALL I CAN SAY IS... I'M GOING OUT TO FIND THE **REAL KILLER!**

WHY NOT LEAVE THAT TO A FELLOW CALLED **MANHUNTER!**

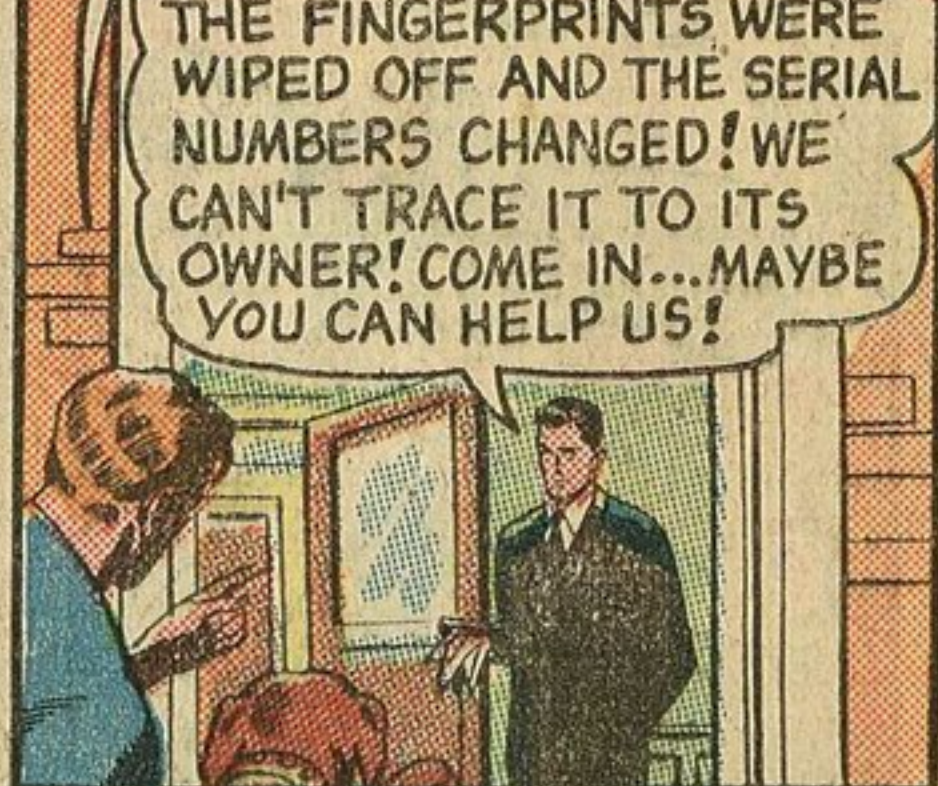
That night, after Richards has become Manhunter again...

MR. POLICE COMMISSIONER! IS THAT THE GUN THEY SAY CHARLIE CHUCKALUCK USED TO KILL THE GAMBLER?

RIGHT, MANHUNTER! BUT THE FINGERPRINTS WERE WIPED OFF AND THE SERIAL NUMBERS CHANGED! WE CAN'T TRACE IT TO ITS OWNER! COME IN... MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US!

OUR BEST EYES AND SHARPEST EARS HAVEN'T FOUND A CLUE!

THEN LET'S GIVE THE **NOSE** A CHANCE! HERE, THOR, SNIFF!



And Thor, keen of scent and of brain, leads his partner to where ...

GRRRR!

I SEE, THOR! THAT'S WHY YOU WOULDN'T FOLLOW UNCLE CHARLIE---YOU KNEW THE REAL MURDERER WAS **THE MAN WHO LIVES UP THERE!**

On an upper floor...

WHY DO WE HAFTA HIDE HERE, FRISKY?

IT WON'T BE LONG! THE COPS WILL GET CHUCKALUCK... HE'LL GET THE CHAIR FOR THAT KILLING!

MEANWHILE, IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT CROUPIER GOT THE BUSINESS! HE TALKED TOO MUCH---

WHICH EXPLAINS WHY SOMEONE **HERE AND NOT CHUCKALUCK---** KILLED HIM!

SO YOU BARGED IN AGAIN, PAL? YOU'LL HAVE TO BE **CARRIED** OUT!

THAT CROUPIER WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD HIS GIRL OF THE CROOKED GAMBLING DEVICES---AND LET THE NEWS GET TO CHUCKALUCK IN PRISON! ONE OF YOU SHOT HIM FOR BLABBING!

LOOK! THOR SNIFFED THE MURDER GUN! NOW HE'S POINTING AT THE MAN WHO FIRED IT!

BUT LOOK YOURSELF! I'VE GOT ANOTHER GUN---POINTING AT **HIM!**

WHILE I DRILL THIS KIVOODLE, ONE OF YOU BLAST THE BOY IN BLUE!

NO YOU DON'T!

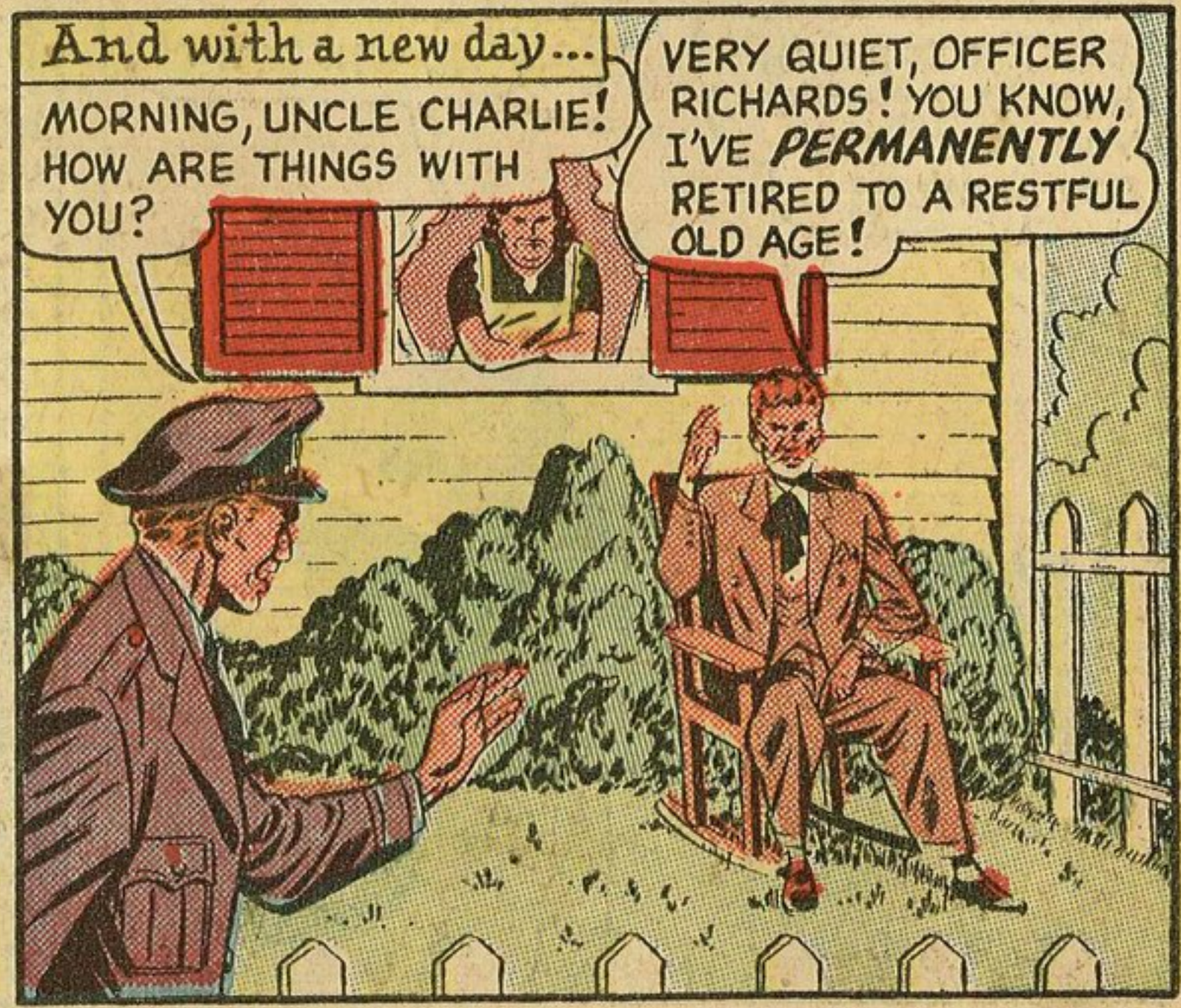
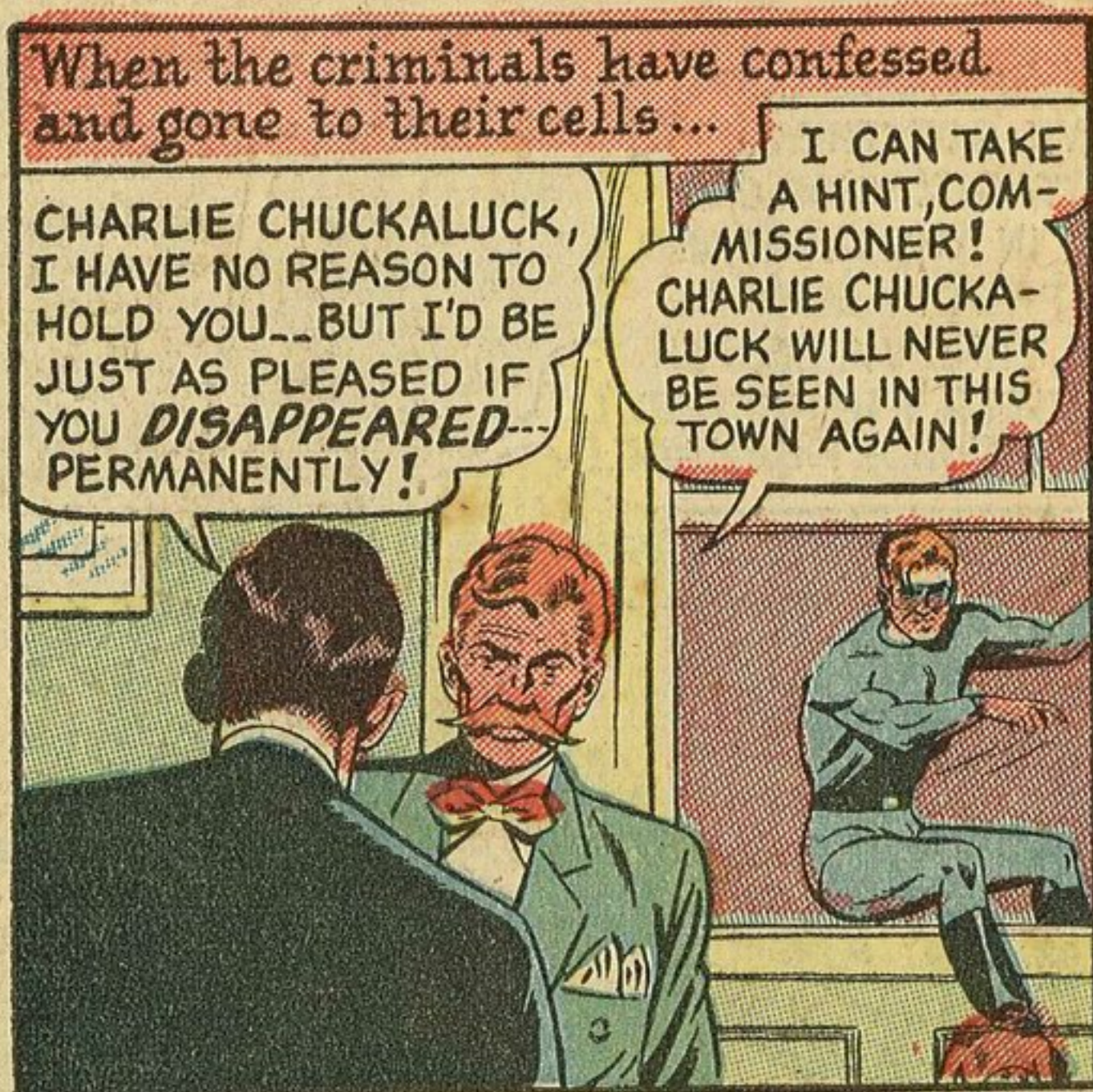
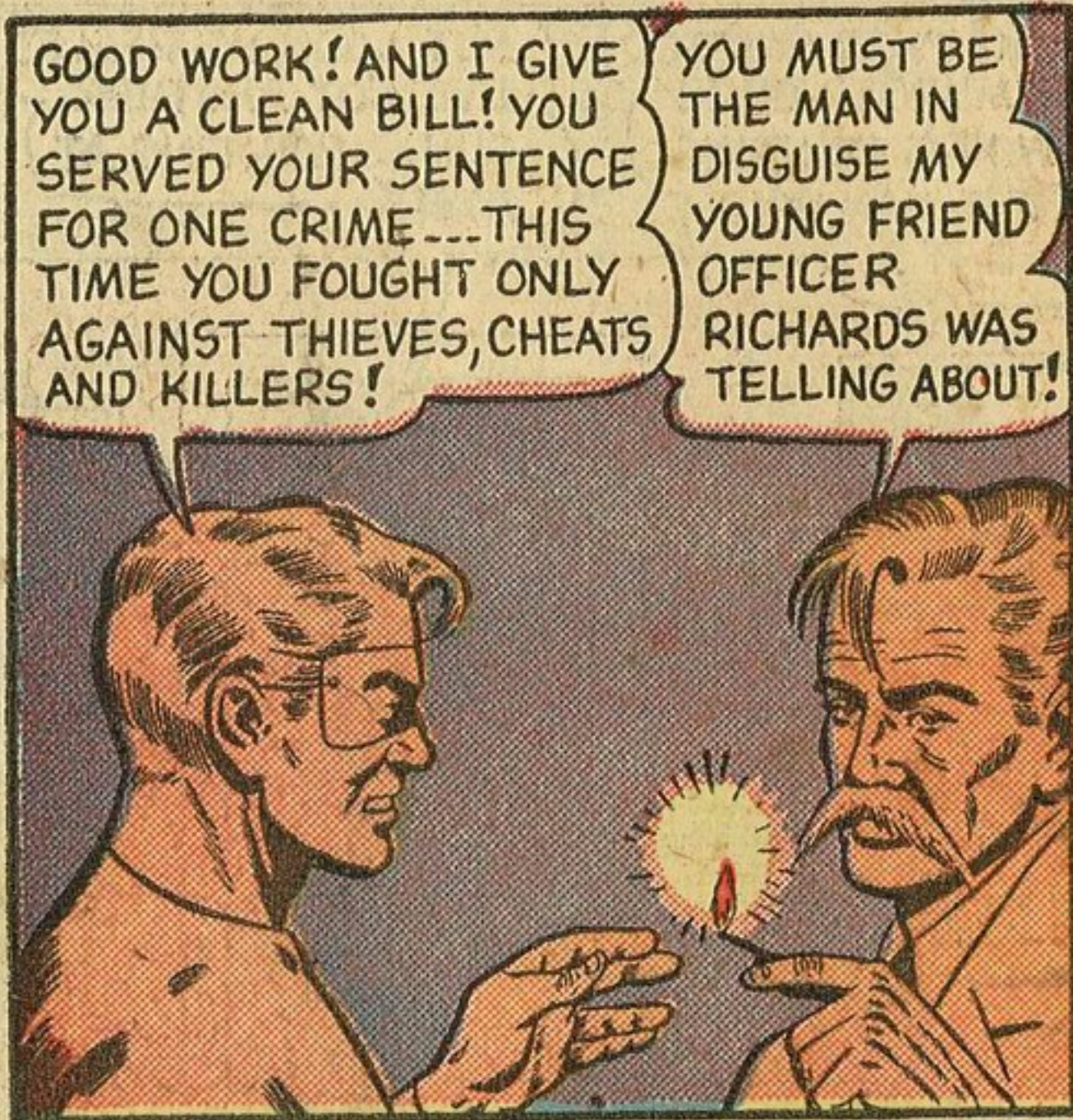
Darkness ...

WE'VE GOT THE ADVANTAGE! THOR CAN SEE IN THE DARK AND I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN THROW A COUPLE OF FISTS WHERE THEY'LL DO THE MOST DAMAGE!

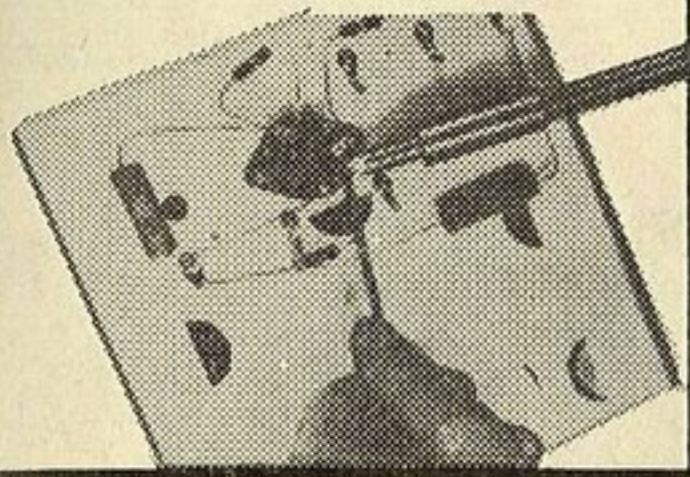
HEY! **HELP!**

BANG!

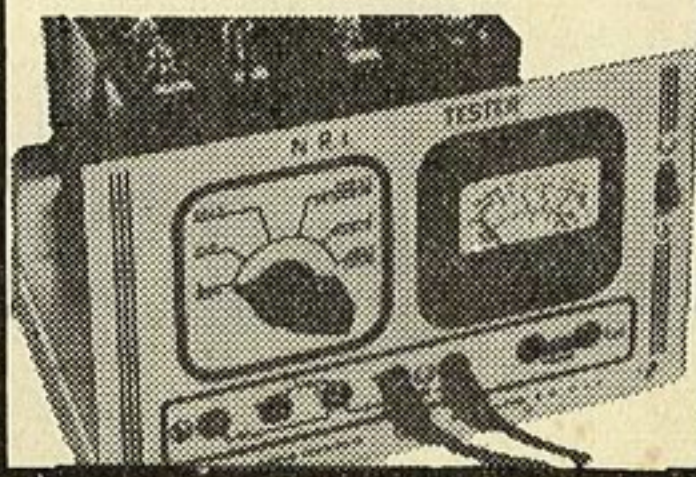
POLICE COMICS



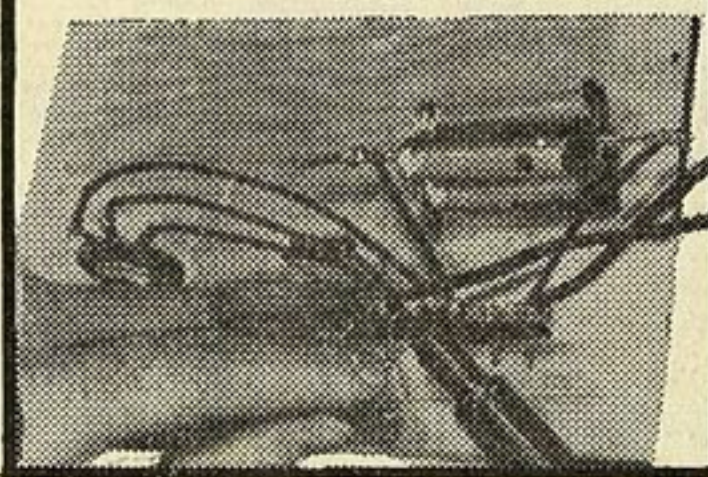
YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



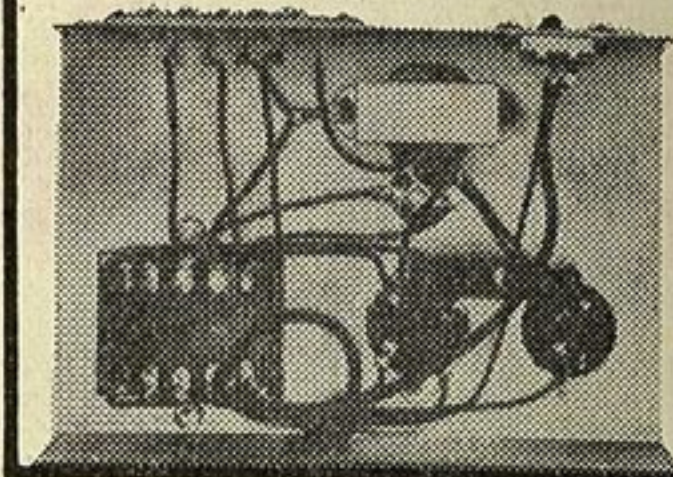
YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



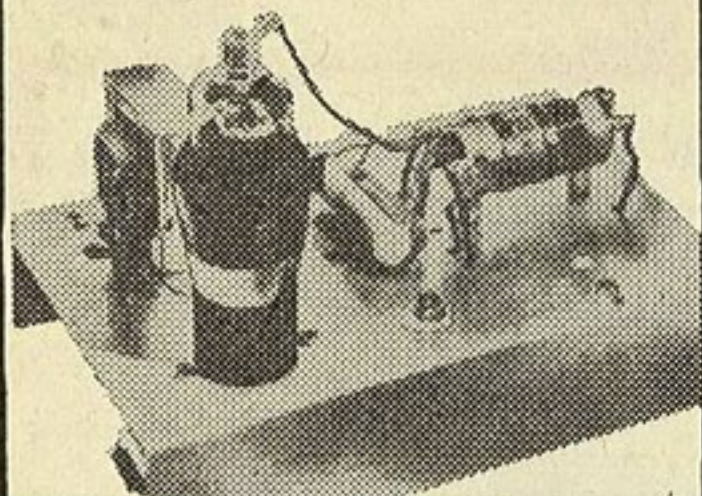
YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



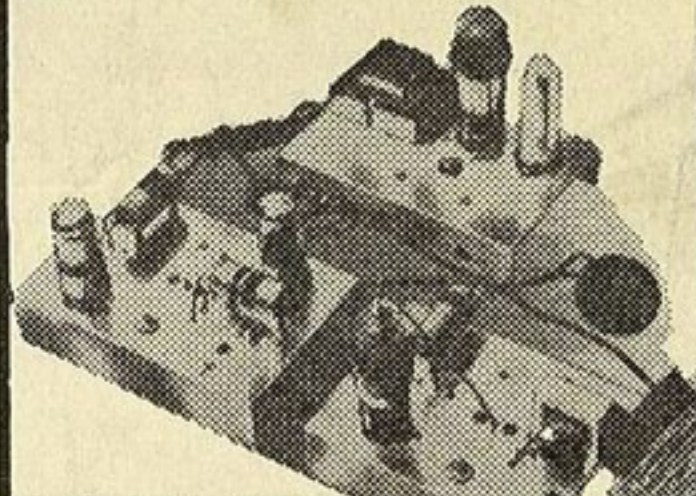
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

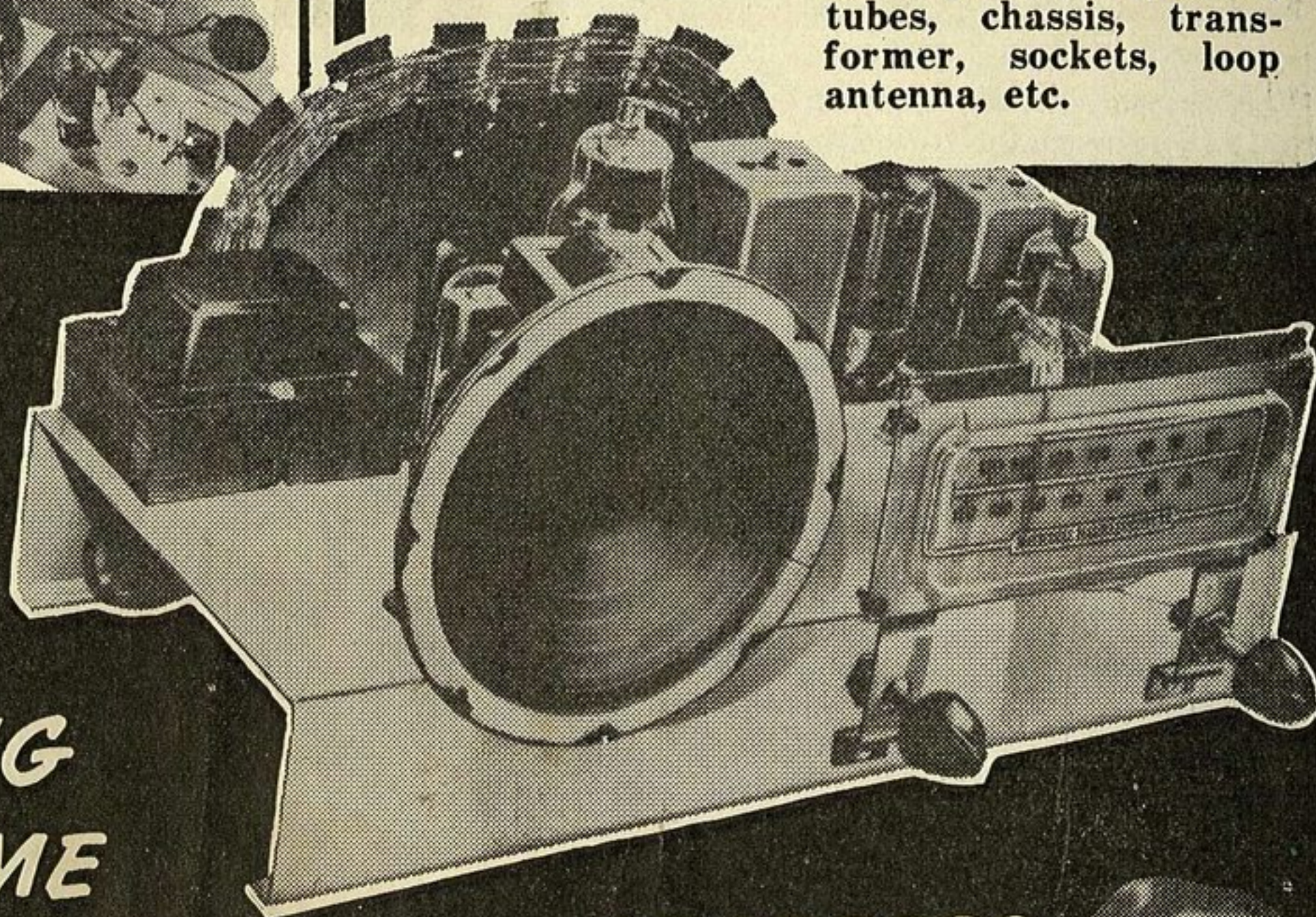


YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



You Get **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE** With This Superheterodyne Receiver

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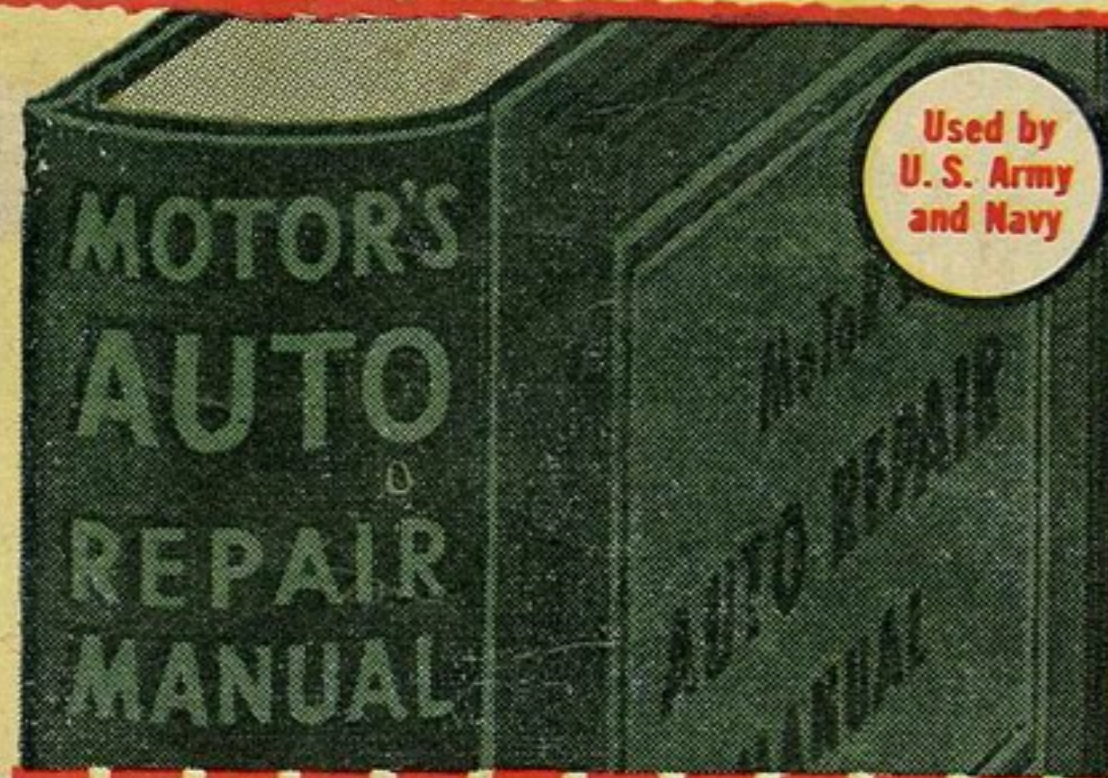


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